National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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VOL. XIV. NO. 14. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1853. WHOLE NO. 690.

Published weekly, on Saturday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 Nassau street, New-York. Terms, Two Dollars per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & Johnston, printers, No. 21 Spruce street.

Selections.

THE LATE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

From the London Morning Advertiser.

The following speech was delivered by Mr. McKim, Secretary to the Pennsylvanian Anti-Slavery Society, at the Anti-Slavery Meeting, held on Monday at Crosby Hall. The pressure on our space prevented our giving more than a mere outline of the proceedings on that occasion; but the importance and variety of the information on the question of Slavery, contained in Mr. McKim's speech, have induced us to give a full report of that gentleman's address:

Mr. McKim said, that in speaking of American Slavery he was not unmindful of the fact that he himself was an American, not forgetful of the duty which as such he owed to his country. He knew that patriotism was a somewhat questionable Christian virtue; certain it was that it was one—if one it be—which is neither inculcated in the precepts or example of Him who lived and died for the benefit of the world; who knew no difference between Jew or Gentile, and who regarded all men as His brethren. Nevertheless, every one, or almost every one, is conscious of a feeling of attachment to his own country, which it is impossible for him to cherish toward any other. Certainly this was the case with himself. For the land of his birth, and his home—with which were connected his earliest and fondest associations—with the destinies of which were bound up his own and those of his family—he felt an attachment, and in its welfare he was conscious of an interest which it was impossible for him to cherish towards any other. This was a feeling which would lead him at all proper times to claim for his country all that in justice could be demanded; to vindicate her reputation against all injurious aspersions, and to concede nothing to her disadvantage but what truth might imperiously require. Nevertheless, on this subject—the subject of American Slavery—he had no claims to make—no injurious aspersions to resist—the opinion of the world did America no injustice in this respect—no concessions to withhold. On the contrary, his patriotism would lead him to the fullest acknowledgment of their great national sin, and to the frankest confession of its extent and atrocity. He believed that the American who would do most for the abolition of Slavery, would do most to promote the best interests and honour of his country; and he who would contribute most largely to bring to bear upon this evil the enlightened and indignant gaze of Christendom—who would do most to concentrate against it the intelligent public sentiment of the civilized world—was the man who would do most for its abolition. The system of Slavery in America was unsusceptible of excuse or apology. It was evil, and only evil, and that continually; to the master and to the slave; to the Church and to the State; to literature, commerce, and every branch of industry. It was an unmixed and unmitigated evil; repugnant to humanity, at war with all our professions of Christianity and Democracy, and a barrier to the progress of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. This last, though one of the least striking of its evil features, was one of most serious magnitude. The despots of Europe might point to the Republic of America as a complete refutation, if not of the doctrines of popular liberty, at least of all the arguments that might be adduced in favour of it from that source. The autocrat of Russia, the despot of Austria, the tyrant of Naples, and the perjured usurper of France, might turn upon their opponents and say, "Look at Republican and Christian America. The sovereigns of that country hold a nation of upwards of three millions of people in the most absolute and abject bondage; they do so on the alleged ground that the good of their vassal nation is on the whole promoted by it, and the interest and peace of the State, and the honour of religion, under the circumstances, demand it. The Republicans of America not only keep this vassal nation in the most abject political servitude, but individually hold them as chattels personal, 'to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever;' liable to be bought, sold, leased, mortgaged, and subject to all the other incidents of chattel property. The sovereigns of Europe are guilty of no such enormities. The restraints which they impose upon the liberty of their subjects are trifling, and "for their own good." This they may say, and this they do say, and it is utterly impossible for the advocate or apologist of American Slavery to say a word in reply. The speaker's attention had recently been especially directed to this branch of the subject. He had just returned from a brief tour on the Continent, and wherever he had been this had been the topic of conversation. It had happened that he had been thrown into the society of persons who were advocates of popular liberty, and at the same time admirers of America. They spoke of American Slavery invariably with deep regret—never with reproach. They had accepted the apologies which are made for the continuation of the evil; they had been told that the subject is one which is environed by difficulties incomprehensible to a European, and that the system, though greatly to be deplored in some of its aspects, is on the whole a necessity, and that, under the circumstances, its abolition is impossible. This they were willing to believe, but they believed it with the most profound regret. Regret, first at the stain it cast upon America; and second and mainly, because of the barrier it interposed to their efforts and aspirations. It was used as a handle against them, and was referred to exultingly by their enemies. It is idle to say that the Americans do not abolish Slavery because they cannot. Americans can do whatever they *choose* to do—that other people can do. They have a force of intellect, a vigour of enterprise, a power of energy that make them adequate to anything accomplishable by man. Look at America; a giant in her infancy. But yesterday that vast continent was a howling wilderness; to-day it is dotted with cities and villages, and alive with the hum of industry. Her commerce whitens every sea; the enterprise of her people has penetrated every land. She makes railroads of a thousand miles in length, overcoming obstacles apparently insurmountable, tunnelling mountains like the Alleghany, bridging rivers in comparison with which your Thames is but a rivulet, and making the most formidable obstructions subservient to the purposes of the enterprise. She does this because she *chooses* to do it. She chooses to *extend* Slavery, and to this end she marches her victorious armies into the heart of a neighbouring nation, in the face of the most gigantic impediments she compels that nation to a partition of her territory, annexes the coveted part to her own, populates it as if by magic, organizes it into a State, and incorporates it into the Union. She does this, because she *chooses* to strengthen and extend the system of Slavery; and when she chooses to weaken and abolish it, what power shall withhold her? But it is said, the question of Slavery is surrounded with peculiar political difficulties. Congress has no power over Slavery in the States. One State cannot legislate for another; therefore, the difficulty, especially when so much injury would be done to the vested rights of property. Be it so. But Congress has no right to make internal improvements in the States, and no State has a right to legislate for another State in this matter; and yet the people will that a railroad shall be made from Philadelphia to St. Louis, and it is made; a railroad running through free States and slave States, eastern States and western States, States of homogeneous interests and politics, and States of heterogeneous interests and politics. Every obstacle is overruled. The people *choose* to have it, and it is done. The power of Congress, State legislation, the vested rights of widows and orphans in turnpike and canal stock made valueless by it, to the contrary notwithstanding. Whenever the people of America want Abolition as badly as they want railroads, whether from motives of interest or duty, or both, they will have it, and no power on earth or under the earth will prevent them. It is said that interference on the part of the British will do harm. It depends on the kind of interference. We ask for no armed intervention, no political interposition, no muskets and sabres, like Kossuth in America; nor anything inconsistent with the laws of nations, or with those laws of courtesy which should regulate the intercourse of the people of one nation with another. All we ask is, that you should, at all proper times, speak the truth in regard to American Slavery. This can do no harm. It is not the nature of truth to do harm—it is sure to do good. "The word of the Lord shall not return unto Him void, but *shall* accomplish that whereunto it is sent." But it is said it will irritate the slaveholders and their abettors. What if it does? That is no proof that it does harm. It shows it has taken effect, and that it is working. In due time it will produce its legitimate result. What if the slaveholders do retort, and say, "Look at home, look at the people of Ireland, at the operatives in your mines, at the destitution in Spitalfields, and the degradation and squalor of St. Giles's." I am glad they do say this. Not that I approve the spirit of it, or that I regard it as any excuse for Slavery; but I am glad their irritation finds a safety-valve in this direction. There is truth in what they say, albeit it is uttered in a recriminating spirit. I have been at St. Giles's and seen the squalor there, and I have been through the lanes of Spitalfields. But, to be candid, I must say that I have seen there the evidences also of British philanthropy and of British Anti-Slavery philanthropy—in the ragged schools and model lodging-houses. As I was going into Spitalfields I saw returning from his labours there the distinguished philanthropist who presided at the Exeter-hall meeting—Lord Shaftesbury—the gentleman who had the moral courage to pronounce the pro-slavery churches of America "synagogues of Satan." I thanked him for the word; it was an honest, homely, well-timed, scriptural phrase; one to be felt and remembered. I saw this gentleman returning from his labours in Spitalfields, and I saw there the evidence of his benevolent efforts. But there is much more to be done, and many more workers are needed to accomplish it. I hope the angry retorts of our American defenders of Slavery may have the effect of setting you to work. To say that the moral efforts of British Abolitionists can do no good in the matter of American Slavery, is not only to speak against reason, but is in opposition to history. Slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania, the place of the speaker's nativity and residence, by the conjoint labour of American and European Abolitionists. Benjamin Franklin and Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, assisted by Granville Sharp and Dr. Price, of London, and they again aided by such men as Brissot and the Abbe Gregoire, of Paris, were the leaders in the movement that abolished Slavery in Pennsylvania. A letter was addressed by Thomas Jefferson, then in France, to Dr. Price, on this very subject of British interference. It shows how Mr. Jefferson, the apostle of democracy, and himself at that time a slaveholder, regarded it. The letter is to be found in his Posthumous Works, vol. I., page 268, and is dated Paris, August 7, 1785, and is as follows:

Paris, Aug. 7th, 1785.

To Dr. Price—*Sir:* Your favour of July 2d came duly to hand. The concern you therein express as to the effect of your pamphlet in America induces me to trouble you with some observations on that subject. From my acquaintance with that country I think I am able to judge with some degree of certainty of the manner in which it will have been received. Southward of the Chesapeake it will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment on the subject of Slavery. From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practice. A minority which for weight and worth of character preponderates against the greater number who have not the courage to divest their families of a property which however keeps their consciences uneasy. Northward of the Chesapeake you may find here and there an opponent to your doctrine, as you may find here and there a robber and a murderer, but in no greater number. In that part of America there being but few slaves they can easily disencumber themselves of them and emancipation is put into such a train that in a few years there will be no slaves northward of Maryland. In Maryland I do not find such a disposition to begin the redress of this enormity as in Virginia. This is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle of justice in conflict with avarice and oppression, a conflict wherein the sacred side is gaining daily recruits from the influx into office of young men grown and growing up—these have sucked in the principles of liberty, as it were with their mothers' milk, and it is to them I look with anxiety to turn the fate of this question. Be not therefore discouraged, what you have written will do a great deal of good, and could you still trouble yourself with our welfare, no man is more able to give aid to the labouring side. The college of William and Mary in Williamsburgh, since the remodeling of its plan is the place where are collected together all the young men of Virginia under preparation for public life. They are there under the direction (most of them) of a Mr. Wythe, one of the most virtuous of characters and whose sentiments on the subject of Slavery are unequivocal. I am satisfied if you could resolve to address an exhortation to those young men with all that eloquence of which you are master—that its influence on the future decision of this important question would be great, perhaps decisive. Thus you see that so far from thinking you have cause to repent of what you have done, I wish you to do more, and wish it on an assurance of its effect. The information I have received from America of the reception of your pamphlet in the different states agrees with the expectation I had formed. Thomas Jefferson.

Now, I have no doubt there were persons in America in those days, as well as now, who objected to foreign interference, and persons there then, as well as men here, who excused themselves for taking no part in the movement, on the ground of the unsound opinions of the leaders in matters of religion. Benjamin Franklin was notoriously unsound in the faith, and Dr. Rush was a man of latitudinarian liberality; Dr. Price was known to be a heretic, and Granville Sharp certainly kept bad company. Brissot belonged to the French school of philosophers, and perhaps the Abbe Gregoire was no better; yet good men, and true enough for the purpose, of all denominations, orthodox and heterodox, were found to unite with these men for the overthrow of Slavery, and that object was accomplished. The names of the leaders in that movement, questioned as was their theological soundness, occupy an honoured place on the page of history, while those of their detractors have perished. So will it be in the movement that is now in progress. It is objected on the part of some Abolitionists in this country, to co-operate with the Abolitionists in America, on the ground of the alleged prevalence among them of infidel opinions. By the Abolitionists of America is meant those embraced in the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries. These are the only Anti-Slavery Societies in the United States, with one or two exceptions, that are based on the doctrine of unconditional and immediate emancipation. There are many sincere Abolitionists, however, who are not connected with any of these societies. The political organization of Free Democrats is a party based, in part, on Anti-Slavery principles, and has for its chief object the limitation of Slavery, with a view to its ultimate Abolition. This party embraces such men as J. P. Hale, Joshua R. Giddings, Salmon P. Chase, and Cassius M. Clay, not to mention Gerrit Smith, the noblest of them all, and one of the truest men and most devoted Abolitionists that ever lived. But these persons, and others like them, though not members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and not coming up, as we consider it, to their high and uncompromising ground, are on terms of amity with the Society, and of friendship and co-operation with its members. They contribute to its funds, or otherwise express towards it and its object their sympathy and accord. There are no Abolitionists in the United States, of any good reputation as such, of any religious denomination, who refuse to co-operate with the American Anti-Slavery Society or its auxiliaries on the ground of the alleged infidelity of its members. It is true, the charge of infidelity is there adduced against the American Society. The men who make it are profligate editors of newspapers, unprincipled politicians, and pro-slavery doctors of divinity. Mr. Garrison and other prominent members of the American Society are the especial objects of these men's denunciation. The reason is, their faithfulness in exposing the inconsistency and hypocrisy of the churches, the recreancy of the clergy, and the hollowness and rottenness of the great political and ecclesiastical organizations. Mr. Garrison has been recognised as the leader in the Anti-Slavery movement, and the embodiment of its principles. Therefore, the chief priests and rulers have sought to slay him. A reward was offered for his head by the State of Georgia; his life was put in jeopardy by men of property and standing in the city of Boston. Now that the day of mobs is comparatively past, his enemies seek to defeat his efforts by destroying his character. Bad men invent calumnies against him; some good men believe them; and others, partly good and partly bad, having an interest in it, give them circulation. No charge could be more grossly untrue than that of infidelity brought against Mr. Garrison. The speaker had known him long, and known him well. Mr. Garrison was the precise opposite of an infidel; he was eminently a believer; eminently a religious man. This was the secret of his power. He always addressed himself to the religious sentiment of the people, and this was the explanation in part of his great influence over them. His discourses were like sermons. God seemed to be in all his thoughts. Like the old Hebrew prophets, he considered every thing and spoke of it in its relation to God. His reference to the Deity was so frequent that, in almost any other man, it would be cant. Mr. Garrison is eminently a religious man, and a believer. I do not mean to say that this charge has no foundation. There is no charge ever brought against any man publicly that has not some shadow of grounds. Christ was not crucified without a pretext, and every martyr that ever went to the stake, was burned for reasons, and for reasons too that were doubtless satisfactory to some men, and even to some good men. The manner in which Mr. Garrison conducts his paper, is one ground for the charge. It is open to the free discussion of all topics that affect the welfare of man. Men may speak for Slavery or against Slavery; for the doctrines of Christianity, or against the admitted doctrines of Christianity. Mr. Garrison has the most implicit faith in truth and its superiority to error. He believes that no danger is to be apprehended from any error, as long as truth is left free to combat it. Hence his course in his paper. Occasionally an article appears there contrary to what is regarded as the doctrines of Christianity, or perhaps written in bad taste. Mr. Garrison is made responsible for it, and not only Mr. Garrison, but the American Anti-Slavery Society. This is unjust and absurd. The *Liberator* is the private property of Mr. Garrison; the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* is the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Another ground for this objection is, that Mr. Garrison holds views on the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures, which are regarded as heretical. He holds that the inspiration of the Scriptures is not plenary. As to the correctness or incorrectness of this belief it is not the place here to express an opinion; but certain it is, that among the best Christians that have ever lived, and that too, in the estimation of people of the most orthodox denominations, have been found those who have held opinions similar to those of Mr. Garrison on this subject. Mr. Garrison is a man who has a profound reverence for the Bible; he delights in its pages; quotes it more than any man I know; and uses it as a powerful weapon against Slavery, and all manner of iniquity. Mr. Garrison has infinitely more regard for the Bible than have his detractors, who falsely charge him with enmity to it. In short, if a man is to be judged by the purity of his life, by the fruit he brings forth, by the spirit which he exhibits in his daily and hourly life, by the conformity of his life to the example given by Christ, then is Mr. Garrison a Christian, in the very best sense of the word. But, waiving this point, he is a good and true man, and an able champion of Abolition, and is so regarded by Abolotionists of all classes in the United States. So are his co-labourers. This mad-dog cry of infidelity is losing its power in the United States. The American Anti-Slavery Society never stood higher in the respect and confidence of all true friends of freedom in the United States than it does at this moment, whether considered in regard to the reputation of its President, Mr. Garrison, and its leading members, or in respect of the discipline and effectiveness of its organization. The good Abolitionists and true of the United States, of whatever various shades of belief, were now united in heart; there was a good understanding among them, and their enemies knew it and trembled. This was one of the good signs of the times. It was an indication of progress. There were other good signs—on every hand were indications of a change in public sentiment. The politics of the country—its literature—its social life, all presented evidences of the gradual renovation which the public mind was undergoing. The speaker gave many illustrations of this point, and concluded with strong expressions of his belief that the day was not distant when America would rise in her might and break the chains with which she has enslaved herself as well as the millions of her black children, and stand forth among the nations of the earth redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.

Mr. M'Kim sat down amid the liveliest expressions of sympathy and approbation on the part of the audience; expressions with which he had been frequently interrupted during the delivery of his speech.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

DECISION BY JUDGE M'LEAN.

[At Cincinnati, one day last week, a man named George W. McQuerry being arrested as a fugitive slave, a writ of *habeas corpus* was, upon application, issued by Judge McLean, of the U. S. Supreme Court; and thus the question of the man's rendition to bondage under the law of 1850 was submitted to the decision of that distinguished judge. It is the first case that has been brought before any judge of that high court, and is therefore of the highest importance as a precedent. We have not seen a full report of the pleadings, but the principal points made by defendant's counsel are distinctly enough presented in the opinion of Judge McLean, which was delivered on the 17th, and reported as follows in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 18th.—Eds. *Standard*.]

Judge McLean said, in giving my views in this case, it may not be improper to recite the manner in which this case came before me. First, I issued a *habeas corpus* on an application maintaining that the defendant was illegally deprived of his liberty; that order was issued for the object of determining whether he was illegally detained. The inquiry was a legitimate one, and Mr. Miller, the claimant, has attempted to show that he was a fugitive, and that his detention was legal. The first question arises on the facts of the case. The claimant has attempted to show that George, alias Wash, is his slave, and introduced his son, Jacob Miller, who states that ever since he had known anything, this person has been his father's slave, under his entire control and management, and had been treated as the other slaves of his household until some four years ago, when, with three others, he absconded from his service. Mr. Kelly, the second witness, a near neighbour, corroborates these statements; was an intimate in the family always; saw the boy there in the capacity of a servant, and agreed as to the time and circumstances of the flight.

James Kelly, who was intimate in the family for twelve years, corroborates the statements of his brother. Isaiah Yocum also corroborates the evidence of the previous witness as to the entire management and control of Miller over the labour and services of the fugitive. Trader, the Deputy U. S. Marshal, states that in a conversation the boy acknowledged Miller to be his master, that he regretted his leaving, that he had been persuaded to do so; these confessions have been corroborated by the former witness Kelly and by deputy Marshal Black. As to the status of the defendant it would be difficult to present any case where the claim to service could be better sustained. It has been so particular, circumstantial, so uncontradicted and clear, that it is my decided conviction that amongst the large number of cases tried before me, I never saw a case more completely made out. No proof is needed to this Court that Kentucky is a slave State. The Supreme Court of the U. S. has decided that all and each of her judges are to recognise the laws of each State, and are presumed to know the laws to the extent of their jurisdiction, which is the whole Union. In some States the laws require the recognition of some statute-law; in such cases the Judges or Commissioners may need to require proof of the existence of such statutory enactments; not so before a judge whose authority is co-extensive with the Union.

Allusion was made to the argument used by Senator Mason. He was sorry to hear such a position taken here. Mr. Mason was arguing as to the Territories where Slavery did not exist; that was the Southern argument by which it was sought to introduce Slavery into the Territories; but the principle is this: Slavery is local. I was the means of bringing out this most important decision in the Mississippi case; it was universally adopted in the South until the agitation of the Territorial question. Slavery then is the creature of law. We know it does exist. Usage constitutes law, besides which, contrary to what has been stated, law after law has been passed by the States confirmatory and regulating it. To say that laws recognising Slavery do not exist would be shutting our eyes to all the enactments of several States.

As to the manner in which this case has been managed, I am gratified, as it has been named, that there has been such gentlemanly bearing on both sides; there have been no abusive epithets used, none were expected, the case has been conducted so as to merit the applause of all sensible men. I would remark that there has been offered no evidence on the part of the defence, simply the admission of the claimant that the party claimed had for a few years been residing near Troy, where he was reputed free, and recognised as a freeman.

That is proper; it is the theory of our laws in Ohio and other free States, that all men in their borders, without regard to colour, are free men: the law does not sanction the tread of a slave on our soil; the presumptions of law then are only to be counteracted by the conclusive proof of claimants. But it is insisted that the Fugitive Law is unconstitutional; that Congress has not the power, but that it is vested in the several States. This argument has been often advanced by gentlemen who have discussed this matter in a certain way, and I am not sure but what it has been inserted into certain Platforms. Let me advert for a moment to judicial authority, in the case of Prigg *vs.* Pennsylvania. With the Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court, there was no dissention of opinion as to the power of Congress, and the restriction of State legislation in conflict with Federal action. I believe I may say, that the Supreme Court in Massachusetts, and of every other State, has recognised the same power in Congress. At an early date, in one or two cases, perhaps in Massachusetts, some doubts were expressed; but no respectable Courts since have doubted, particularly as to the law of 1793. This is pretty strong authority in regard to the power, overbearing all individual opinions, however weighty or numerous, unless sufficiently numerous to change the law.

The Constitution was formed in 1787, after a discussion of this subject by the people at large, and in the Conventions of the several States. The Act of '93 was passed shortly after the adoption of the Constitution, by men intimately acquainted with the principles on which the Constitution was established, many of whom were the wise and patriotic framers of that instrument. At that time this subject of Slavery excited public attention in all the States of the Union, and more especially in Virginia, and was scanned by men not ignorant of the principles of the Constitution. Since that time there has been no decision of any Federal Court that Congress had not the power to frame the law of 1793. This is a weight not small, scarcely ever concentrated on any other question, for it has attracted much attention, a great display of thought, and the profoundest consideration of the ablest minds of the Republic, which must silence all cavil. Look at the provision itself; are its vital parts never to be settled after the decisions of the Courts for half a century? Suppose a State of feeling that would shake the basis of the whole social community, and stir up discord in the land, there would be no protection of our rights except in our Constitution; as has been justly remarked, it is the fundamental law of the land, the basis of our prosperity; the foundation of our glory, and it saved to us the fruits of our Revolution. The Federal, fundamental law is the protector of our rights and the procurer of peace to all parts of the Union.

It has been contended that it rests with the States to carry into effect this provision. I would ask the gentleman, is that law that has no sanction, that has no power to enforce, to which is attached no penalty? The gentleman (Dr. Brisbane) is too good a Theologian for that. This principle applies in civil matters as in those of theology. Legislatures are prohibited from passing laws liberating or obstructing the liberation of Slaves; the States are bound to deliver up the fugitive. If a State passes a law conflicting with a federal law, the penalty is inflicted. I don't state a hypothetical case: Grigg vs Maryland is an actual one. The State threw obstacles in the way, and the court held it nugatory and void as against the Constitution. It would not have been void if the State had power. It is then by the authority of law that Slavery exists. And by no other authority can it exist, nor can a fugitive be returned to labour and service except under provision of positive law. I differ with those who say that by the common law he can be retaken.

I admit that the Federal Government cannot compel the observance of her enactments by a State, but the law is there, is in the Constitution, the fundamental law of the land. It is something more than a recommendation and never has been treated in that light. Some say this matter was not discussed in the convention; it is true the debates were not authoritatively published, but the matter was one of great anxiety at the time, and Chief Justice Marshall, as competent as any other man, contended for this right, to have a Slave delivered up. If a State refuses to pass a law to surrender, has not the Federal government a right to carry out provisions for a re-delivery? How is it for fugitives from justice? They depend upon the same principle.

This great question has excited differences and anxieties. When the Constitution was adopted, one half the States were Slave States, and before that fugitive Slaves were restored by comity, but this provision was inserted to settle these distracted questions. As Chief Justice Marshall said, a Government was wanted, and the Federal authority was vested with this supreme authority.

A much wider exposition has been attempted; it has been contended that the law of 1850 may be applied to all persons against whom claims are held for service due; that a clergyman may be held for unexpired clerical services unperformed; I am glad to say that I shall never apply it to a contract or to the clergy; for after being delivered up it would be hard to make him preach. The clause relating to rendition of persons held to service and labour, had its principal application to persons held to bondage, as shown by Madison, who contended that the Slave was as well protected by the clause, as if the word had been mentioned, for to his honour, he desired not that the word should appear in the Constitution. It has been stated that this is an exparte proceeding. I think not: if the counsel for the defendant had shown cause for continuance, I would gladly have granted it. I cannot here be governed by sympathy; I have to look to the law, and be governed by the law, and to guard myself with more than usual caution, in such a case, where judgment might be warped by sympathy.

The completeness of identity has been alluded to; that was an open question, the right and opportunity was given to show that he was not a Slave. As to the incompleteness of it, not having provided a trial by jury, in my judgment, as far as my experience goes, no master can have any reasonable grounds of fear from an intelligent jury. In one case I remember, there was one person on the jury—I use the term not in reproach—an Abolitionist, honest and intelligent, sworn to be governed by the law and testimony. He acquiesced in the decision of his colleagues, and the slave was remanded to his master. This is not a final decision as to his liberty; this does not bar the introduction of proof even in Kentucky, or whatever State he may be taken to, if any proof can be presented that he is a free man, and is unlawfully detained in bondage. He may be sold into other hands, but this tribunal is not responsible, this Court is bound by the law.

As to the powers of Commissioners, notice is not taken here; provisions of a law may be constitutional in part, and not in whole; an unconstitutional provision in a law does not annul the whole; I don't intimate that any provisions are unconstitutional.

(Some remarks were here made by the Judge as to the misconstruction placed on the compensation of $10 allowed to the Commissioner, which evidently was for the extensive writing sometimes required for making out in extenso a long certificate of claim as established.)

This is not a case for sympathy; the evidence certainly is complete that the fugitive had a kind master; of this matter we on the north-west bank of the Ohio River have no concern; the law has been enacted by the highest power; that none is higher, has been acknowledged by all men. Sooner or later a disregard for the law would bring chaos, anarchy and wide-spread ruin; the law must be observed, the law must be enforced. Let those who think differently go to the people who make the laws. I cannot turn aside from the sacred duties of my office to regard aught but the law. By all the force of testimony and the law I am bound to *remand the fugitive to his master*.

On application of Mr. Joliffe that the defendant be remanded to the charge of some proper officer, to be held in custody until an application should be made for a writ of certiorari and determined, it was ruled out of order by the Court, as it had been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States at its recent session, that their body had no appelate jurisdiction from the decision of one of their own Judges in Chambers. Judge McLean, however, suggested that perhaps the claimant would be willing, voluntarily, to enter into bonds to return the party claimed at some suitable time before the first of February next, to await decision as to the granting of a writ by Judge McLean on his consultation with colleagues. The claimant arose and freely offered to give bonds in $50,000, and it was then agreed that a bond of $2,000 should be given by Mr. Miller, the sum suggested by the Judge, and James Parker was agreed upon as Trustee. This arrangement being merely one of comity among the party.

The bond was signed by the following parties: Henry Miller, H. T. Buckner, R. H. Pace, S. C. Sayer, I. M. Riddle, R. M. Calvert, and M. H. Brand.

The following is the certificate authorizing Henry Miller to take George W. McQuerry as a fugitive from the service of Henry Miller, to the State of Kentucky, where he was held as a Slave.

The United States, District of Ohio, Henry Miller, vs. George W. McQuerry. The defendant, George W. McQuerry, being claimed as a fugitive from labour by the plaintiff, Henry Miller, who objected to his discharge, and proceeded to introduce evidence to show that he was the owner of him, as a Slave, under the law of Kentucky, in Washington County—from which he absconded four years ago. Several witnesses were examined, four of whom testified that they knew the said George for twelve years or more as the Slave of Henry Miller; one of them being the son of complainant, twenty-one years of age, who stated that so long as he observed anything, he had known Wash, the above defendant, as the servant of the claimant; and the other witnesses corroborated in every particular the facts so stated. Two or three of the witnesses stated that in conversation with Wash, since his arrest, he admitted that the claimant was his master, and that he had fled from his service in Kentucky.

I can entertain, therefore, no doubt as to the right of the claimant, under the laws of Kentucky, to the service of the said George W. McQuerry, and I therefore remand him to the said Henry Miller, and he is hereby authorized, under the act of Congress, to take the said George W. McQuerry to Kentucky, as a fugitive from labour according to law.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 17th day of August, 1853.

John McLean, [L. S.]
Justice Supreme Court U. States.

To Mr. Henry Miller.

An affidavit having been made before the U. S. Commissioner, that he had reason to apprehend that force would be used for the arrest of the fugitive, the Marshall was authorized by the Commissioner to employ sufficient force to remove him to the State from which he had fled.

At a quarter to 2 P. M., the boy "Wash," in a carriage with his master, Mr. Miller, and the U. S. Deputy Marshall, escorted by a file of police, was taken to the Covington Ferry Boat, and there delivered to his master in the State from which he had fled.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

At the Kennett Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends, held by adjournment at Marlborough, Chester county, Pa., Seventh month 31st, 1853, in view of the close proximity of the *first of August*, the attention of the meeting was turned to the great event of West India Emancipation, of which that day is the Anniversary, and after due consideration the meeting came to the following judgment:

1. That the day which witnessed the total and immediate abolition of Slavery in the British West India Islands, and the transformation of 800,000 immortal beings from *chattels* to men, from a condition of legalised brutality to one of freedom and equal rights, should be held in grateful remembrance, in every country and clime, by all the lovers of God and humanity, and especially by those who profess to revere the character and the name of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Emancipators, whose mission it was to give light to the people who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, and to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound.

2. That no event in the history of the human race is more sublime, or fraught with a deeper interest, than that which the First of August must ever bring to our remembrance; and that, as an illustration of the safety of immediate emancipation, and the folly of those excuses by which it is sought to justify the continuance of Slavery in our own country, we ought, in every legitimate way, to press it upon the attention of the American people.

3. That the present moral, social, and political condition of the emancipated class in the West India Islands, though exhibiting many fruits of the ignorance, vice, and barbarism fostered by centuries of oppression, is yet such as to fulfil the reasonable anticipations of the friends of freedom, and to put to shame and confusion of face those who predicted that emancipation would be followed by disastrous consequences to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the Islands.

4. That the efforts of leading politicians, clergymen, and presses of the United States, to disparage the workings of emancipation in the West Indies, to evade the force of truth by false issues, to magnify evils which, though attributed to freedom, are yet the fruits of oppression, and to keep out of sight facts which show, that the immediate abolition of Slavery has been fruitful of blessings, both pecuniary and moral, are disgraceful to our country, and furnish irrefutable evidence of the spuriousness of the popular Republicanism and Christianity.

5. That while we contemplate with inexpressible joy the freedom which a monarchy gave to her West India possessions, our hearts are filled with grief and shame when we remember that a system of Slavery, "the vilest that ever saw the sun," is fostered and protected by the legislation, the public sentiment, and the prevailing religion of this professedly Republican and Christian land; and that we hereby acknowledge the obligation that rests upon us, as individuals and as a religious body, to be diligent in the use of all rightful and appropriate means of bringing our country to repentance for its gigantic oppressions, and to hasten the day when Liberty shall be proclaimed "throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

6. That we desire affectionately but earnestly, to entreat all religious bodies, of whatever name or denomination, to cast their influence clearly and unequivocally on the side of freedom, in the great struggle now pending in our land, and to neglect no opportunity for bearing a testimony against the system which enslaves and degrades millions of our felllow men.

William Barnard, } Clerks.
Sarah S. Preston, }

A FREEMAN OF ROCHESTER TO BE SOLD FOR JAIL FEES.

Some twenty-two years ago there was born in this city to John H. Bishop, a colored man, well known to our citizens as a renovator of clothing, a son, whom he named after our still better known white fellow-citizen, William S. Bishop, Esq. On Saturday last a letter was received from the young man stating that he was in jail in Louisville, Kentucky, with a postscript written by the jailer stating that he stands committed as a fugitive slave, and that he has no evidence of his freedom. The jailer, who shows himself to be a man of justice and humanity, writes in order that evidence of the freedom of Bishop may be forwarded, which of course will be done with all practicable despatch.

We have no intention of violating any of the "compromises of the Constitution" when we call the attention of the reader to the fact, that a native of this city, the son of free parents, might have been sold as a slave for jail fees, but for the accident of his falling into the hands of a keeper who has had the humanity to give him an opportunity of *proving his freedom* and procuring the money required to pay for his detention.

We would be glad if the editor of some Louisville paper would inform us what sort of a document a man of color from this city ought to be armed with, to secure him while navigating the Ohio river. There is no process known to the legal system of this State for certifying the title of any of its citizens to their liberty. There are no officers who have jurisdiction to declare whether a New Yorker is a freeman or not. The certificate of the man himself, or that of any other individual, is just as valid as that of the Court of Appeals or a declaratory act of the Legislature. Whose ought it to be, in order to save the Union?—*Rochester Democrat.*

Cases of this kind are very well calculated not only to cast a doubt upon the republican character of Slavery, but to foster a spirit of inveterate hatred toward an institution whose perpetuity renders necessary the enactment of laws jeoparding the liberty of free men. If what is done daily at the South should be attempted by a foreign Government, the whole country would be in arms to demand redress.

We have a case in point: Koszta, though a foreigner by birth and sympathies, had declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States. That simple declaration had rendered his personal rights so sacred, that when arrested by the authorities to whom he was formerly subject, they were threatened with chastisement, even though it involved a war, unless he were surrendered. The attitude assumed by Captain Ingraham in that case, met with the hearty approval of the American People, and elicited the warmest commendations of the Press of every representative Government in the world. But, while the Commodore was thus gallantly asserting the rights of Koszta, and startling the despotisms of the Old World, by his firmness, a native born freeman—a citizen of the State of New York—known from his birth by hundreds of his townsmen, and entitled, under the constitution, to all the rights and immunities of any other citizen of any other state—is seized as a slave, imprisoned as such, and claimed, rendered liable to be held in *perpetual Slavery* to meet the expenses of his imprisonment!

The simple statement of these two contemporary cases is sufficient to exhibit the enormity of the law under which the arrest was made, and to induce regrets that, there exists amongst us an institution whose safety renders necessary laws so palpably at war with every principle of Republican Justice.

We trust that the citizens of Rochester may act promptly in this case. There can be no difficulty in establishing the right of young Bishop to his freedom. Nor do we believe that the doing so will endanger the Union, or even excite unkind animadversions on the part of the men who, for a time, denounced as "incendiary" every deprecatory allusion to the institution of Slavery. There is nothing to be made out of further subserviency, or fulminations from Castle Garden might be anticipated even against so righteous an undertaking as the release of a Free Man from the Slave Pens of Kentucky.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE FROM LONG SHOAL.

The Washington (N. C.) *Whig* says:

"We learn that the Pierce administration has appointed a mulatto as keeper of the Long Shoal light boat. It is almost too much to believe, but is nevertheless true. We were informed of the fact a few weeks ago by a gentleman who has known the fellow from a boy, and we have since been told by several persons who knew him, that the fact of his having negro blood in him is well known on the Banks; so well known that he has never been allowed to vote. Captain Pugh, a very respectable and worthy man, who was appointed to the Long Shoal boat on the death of the former keeper, Captain Mydett, was turned out to make way for this negro.

Can this be possible? And is General Pierce after all nothing but a New Hampshire Abolitionist!—a John P. Hale sort of man in disguise? Will the owls of the *Union* office have the kindness to open their eyes and explain this? Is the keeper of the Long Shoal light a mulatto, or is he only a dark-complexioned gentleman like the late Mr. Secretary Corwin? Has he a woolly head, or does his hair respond to the gentle persuasions of the brush and pomatum? Does or does not

The hollow of his foot
Make a hole in the ground?

Is his heel of usual or of unusual length, how do his arms compare with the length of the rest of his body, and what of the sensitiveness of his shins? Won't the *Union* send at once and have the man inspected and measured; for if we are to have a *dark* man to tend our *light*-houses, and our light men are to be cast into outer darkness to make room for them, it is time the country knew it. We confess, we never suspected General Pierce was that sort of man.

But what shall be said of Mr. Dobbin, who is officially responsible for this appointment? What shall be thought of Mr. Dobbin? Where will Mr. Dobbin go to cover his shame? All these are questions which it is vain for us to speculate about until the Union *savans* have reported upon the colour, dimensions and integuments of the new keeper of the Long Shoal light boat. Meantime, the public are earnestly requested to suspend their opinion of General Pierce and Secretary Dobbin's conduct.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ANOTHER CHANCE TO SAVE THE UNION.

By the late Presidential tour and anonymous feelers in The *Union* newspaper, we are taught how the Union of the States is likely again to be in danger and how it may be saved. Mr. Jefferson Davis, it is supposed, as the "strict construction" member of the Cabinet, was put forward by the President to express at Philadelphia his views of the power and duty of the General Government in regard to a railway to California. Such a road, in his opinion, is necessary in a military point of view, and it should therefore be undertaken by the General Government, unless it can be shown that it will be made otherwise. As such showing is not probable, this construction of the road from the resources of the treasury is the next business of the Government. Very well, this is all plain enough, and the argument to sustain it is not yet exhausted.

But to all who know their letters in politics, it is equally plain, from the mouth-piece selected, that the President means a road located, not to suit the majority of the people of the United States, much less one to connect the centers of gravity of the Atlantic and Pacific populations, but to please the South, or in other words the slaveholders. You do not catch Jefferson Davis getting up steam for a Pacific railroad which will pass *centrally* from the great West to the great region beyond the West, he would not have opened his mouth, so eloquent for strict construction, till he had the President's pledge to keep the Union safe by having the road pass through Arkansas or Texas via Albuquerque. It is of no use to argue with politicians of his school, whose patriotism is identical with a particular zeal for the peculiar institution, that Nature and the convenience of the greatest trade require the national road to connect the region of the Lakes, as well as the Mississippi, with the Pacific, and in such a way as to accomodate the vast and fertile valley of the Columbia and its tributaries, as well as those of the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

Were this purely a question of locating a great national road, call it military or civil, there would be no difficulty in settling it, any more than there is in getting a line of railroad located within the borders of a State. There must of course be sectional interests in such a case, and extreme routes would have their advocates, but the route most convenient to the greatest number will carry the day, and opposition would quietly succumb. But there is another question sure to complicate itself with this of the road and make infinite trouble. The Southern politicians, encouraged by Northern subserviency, have settled it that everything shall give way to the extension and aggrandisement of their pet institution. The extension of that institution to the gold region of California, where slaves might pick up fortunes for their masters faster than in the cotton-fields of Mississippi, imperatively requires a railroad, which shall not pass through free territory. For such a road but no other, they can surrender their "strict construction," and for such a road and

no other, they have made up their minds to do it. The North and Nature will be against him. Geography, Geology, Mathematics, and Civil Engineering will be entirely against them, but they have one argument by which they hope to defeat all this opposition: *The Union will be in danger, unless the road goes south of Territory made free by the Missouri Compromise. A Central National Road is sure to destroy it, unless California is converted into a Slave State, and the territory through which the road passes is made safe for property in human flesh.* This is the ground which the Southern politicians will assume, just as sure as Nature is against them, and that their last cry of "Union in danger" was appeased by $10,000,000 to Texas and the Fugitive Slave Law.

Jefferson Davis knew, or thought he knew, which side President Pierce meant to take on this delicate question, before he tickled the iron-manufacturers of Pennsylvania by relaxing his "strict construction." His fine talk to them amounted to this: "Ah! ye "men of the furnace and the forge, don't you see "that a Government road will immensely enhance "the price of iron and give you the fattest sort of "contracts? And, as men of common sense, don't "you see that the road cannot be built except with "our strict construction consent, and on a route "where the South can share its benefits, which must "be a southern route, for a northern one would be "of no earthly use to us? Then, as you would sell "your iron to a customer that won't stand about the "price, go in for *our* road and take the credit of saving "the Union to boot!"

If any person is so verdant or fanatical as to think that a great national iron road to the Pacific, which will best serve all the interests of the Union, except Slavery, can be built and not destroy the Union, all we have to say is, let him take lessons of the *Journal of Commerce* and the distinguished members of the Union Safety Committee. If they are not wide awake to the appalling dangers of this question yet, they soon will be. It is time for them to be getting ready their patriotic sacrifices. To avert a danger so sure and terrific, they would have us put a railroad not only across the Sahara of America, but that of Africa.—*Tribune.*

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD PLAN OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

Our readers have already been apprised of the new impulse and direction recently given to the Federal Administration on the subject of the Pacific Railroad. Upon Gen. Pierce's arrival at Washington last February, some of the courtiers who wished to scent out, and so seem to anticipate, the Presidential leaning with regard to the great question of the day, took occasion to ask a leading question—to which the prompt reply of the President elect was to this effect—that the People had chosen him the President of the United States, not President of a Railroad Company. This was naturally understood to imply indifference if not hostility to the Railroad, and the butterflies who bask in the sunshine of Executive favour took their bearings accordingly. But when the Presidential cavalcade visited this city a month ago, the War Secretary, Col. Jeff. Davis, took occasion to declare *in favour* of the Pacific Road as a National enterprise, very clearly intimating that the President stood with him on this question. And therefore the *Union* opened in favour of the Railroad—cautiously and apologetically, but still significantly, and in defiance of the grumblings of the Old Fogies of tide-water Virginia, who fancy they have a patent for Democratic orthodoxy and a prescriptive right to lead the opinion and rule the rulers of the country.

We exposed the true impulse and drift of this new demonstration some days ago. Briefly it is a Slavery Propaganda dodge, intended to secure a row of Slave States from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, half wrested afresh from Mexico, with the Pacific Railroad running through the centre, and rendering them the focus of the World's Commerce. The North is to be told—"Yes, you can have a Railroad "to the Pacific; but only on condition that it shall "run along our extreme Southern border, partly "through Mexico, and render necessary a further "Annexation, then consent to divide California, "make the Southern half a Slave Territory; let two "more such be established on the Gila and the Colo-"rado, and the Resolutions of '98 shall get out of the "way of your Pacific Railroad." Such is the *tableau* to be presented on the ringing up of the Executive curtain next December; such is the meaning of Jeff. Davis's intimation.

—The *Freeman's Journal* of this city has the following:

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON—THE MEXICAN MINISTER'S INSTRUCTIONS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12, 1853.

I am enabled to put you in possession of very important information, which I have just obtained, and on which I need not say you may place the most implicit reliance. The greatest anxiety has been manifested to know what were the instructions taken out by Gen. Gadsden as the rule of his conduct in settling the many questions that have occurred to complicate our relations with Mexico—the right of way across Tehauntepec, the Mexican boundary question, Indian depredations on the frontier, &c.

Having obtained an authentic outline of the instructions given to Gen Gadsden, I find the method of solving all these questions, as well as of promoting the railroad to the Pacific, adopted by the Administration, to be as follows:

Gen. Gadsden is instructed to ask for and insist on the grant by Mexico to the United States, of a free right of way for a railroad along the 32d parallel of latitude. The United States, in return, agree to relinquish all claim to Tehuantepec; to give Mexico a certain sum as indemnity for Indian depredations, and to share with Mexico the advantages and use of the road. This arrangement, it is hoped, will practically annul the 11th article of the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty, rendering the keeping up a line of military posts along the Mexican border no longer necessary.

Thus our Cabinet hopes to settle the conflicting interests respecting a Northern or a Southern route for the Pacific Railway. The South will not find here the northern terminus for the road that she dislikes; and, on the other hand, the Anti-Slavery men can find comfort in the fact that most part of this road will lay through free territory. Mexico, our cabinet hopes, will find in the advantages her Northern States will reap from this road, and in the prospect of a speedy grant of indemnity money for Indian depredations, motives powerful enough to induce her to accept the proposal held out to her.

—The first reflection suggested by a perusal of the above is the enormous usurpation of power by the Executive which it so coolly proclaims. The Nation, represented in Congress, has not even determined to construct a Railroad to the Pacific, much less on what route to construct it. In this stage, the President steps in—not to recommend the project to Congress, nor yet to suggest the most advantageous route on which to build the Road—but absolutely to settle the whole matter and decide not merely that the Road shall be but *where* it shall be built! What does the man suppose we pay Congressmen $8 each per day and such immoderate stealings for? Surely, nobody else can match a strict Constructionist for stretches of power when he fancies anything is to be made by them. Mr. Jefferson was the founder of the School, the drafter of the first set of '98 Resolves, and he was the very man to violate, defy and laugh them to scorn by the purchase of Louisiana. He not merely outraged them to the utmost, but he avowed and gloried in it. Not one stickler for the immortal Resolves objected; for the usurpation was supposed to be advantageous to the South. And so the Virginia Romans will be soothed into acquiescence in the new game whenever they shall feel assured that it opens a new and improved market for Virginia negroes.

The joke about settling "the conflicting interests respecting a Northern or a Southern route for the Pacific Railway," by locating it further South than our country extends, is really too good. Why not carry it twenty degrees farther South, and make it through New Granada? We can bribe or bully the Government of that Country into selling us land for it quite as easy as we can Santa Anna, and if we are to have a Southern route at all, that is the cheapest and quickest.

The *Freeman's Journal* comments as follows:

Our esteemed correspondent informs us that *the design of the Administration in seeking a line so far South is, to obviate the political difficulties that are likely to grow out of the location of the terminus in the West.* Hence, in selecting Mexican soil, it is hoped to satisfy the men at the South, who are contending for an extreme Southern route, and at the same time gratify the Anti-Slavery party at the North, who would accept the compromise on condition of the road passing through free territory. The parallel of 32 deg. would bring the road in the valley of the Mesilla, along the northern slope of the Florida Mountains to Bull's Run, a low depression in the chain, that presents but few engineering difficulties. Beyond this the route is represented by Lieutenant Colonel Cooke as exceedingly feasible. The probability is that his trail presents by far the most favorable line. This movement on the part of the Government seems to point very distinctly to San Diego as the Pacific Terminus of the great continental Railway.

Should Mexico consent to the proposals of Gen. Gadsden, as it is hoped she may, there is no doubt but that her whole southern frontier, including Cohahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora and Lower California, will be speedily transformed into one of the most wealthy and populous regions in the world. The proposition to withdraw the Tehuantepec claim will, no doubt, operate powerfully with Mexico, especially as she is to be admitted to the benefits of the road through the Mesilla, but it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the Garay claimants will be left without an indemnity in some shape from our own Government.

The recent departure of troops from Fort Hamilton, for the neighborhood of the Mesilla boundary, not only confirms the statement of our correspondent, but shows the sort of argument which General Gadsden will probably use as a *dernier resort* in his negotiations with Santa Anna. The growing popularity of the Pacific Railway has forced the Cabinet into a recognition of its powerful claims, and the large surplus in the Treasury affords General Pierce an opportunity of signalizing his Administration by being foremost in its construction.

We make no comment on the above, not feeling certain whether to regard the writer as jesting or in earnest. If he is serious in what he says about the road passing entirely through Free Territory, he is certainly the greenest individual ever trusted with a quill. If that road runs on the line of the Gila, it will *not* run through Free Territory—at all events, not without a desperate struggle—you may be perfectly sure of that.

There can be no longer a doubt that the next session of Congress is destined to be stirring and eventful.

THE METHODIST SLAVE HUNT AT INDIANAPOLIS.

The *Western Christian Advocate* brings us another chapter in the remarkable history of the Slave hunt lately undertaken by a Missouri Methodist, named Ellington, at Indianapolis. The main features of the case as will be recollected, are these: Ellington came to Indianapolis with his papers all arranged to "catch a nigger," and with U. S. Marshal and deputies fitted to do the working part. They inveigled into their power and arrested a highly respectable citizen of colour, named Freeman, a man of handsome property, and universally esteemed, who had lived in the place fifteen or twenty years, married there, and was the father of several promising children. The man was utterly surprised by the claim that he was Ellington's Slave, and declared that he was free, and could prove his freedom, but wisely kept his own counsel as to the details After much opposition, the U. S. Commissioner was constrained to allow a postponement of nine weeks, but refused to allow Freeman to be bailed out on ample security of almost the whole city; and the Marshall required Freeman to pay three dollars a day for the expense of keeping an extra guard over the jail where he was confined. This was necessary to "save the Union" from imminent peril. In the meantime, Freeman's lawyer went away, and after many days returned with a venerable and highly respectable gentleman from Georgia, Mr. Patillo, who had been for many years, and is still, the postmaster of the place where he resides, who had voluntarily made the long journey for the sole purpose of testifying to his knowledge of Freeman, and that he was well known to be free! The parties recognised each other at once, and all Indianapolis rejoiced at the completeness of the proof that their respected neighbour would now be restored to his liberty, to his agonized family, and to his usefulness as a member of their community. But the U. S. Marshal and Commissioner could find no such provision in the Fillmore Act as would allow a coloured man his liberty on proof that he was free, and so Freeman was kept in prison till the allotted weeks had expired. We give now the further history as reported by the same correspondent in the *Western Christian Advocate* of August 18:

"A day or two ago, Ellington, the pious Missourian, who is anxious to save from eternal ruin his man Freeman, came back to Indianapolis with witnesses to establish his claim. Freeman was brought out of jail, and taken before the witnesses. They could not identify the animal; and after swearing at it awhile, they intimated that they would know more about it if they would take off his clothes and let them examine him naked. One Liston, the counsel for Ellington, commanded Freeman to strip. Freeman's counsel objected and told him not to obey. The Deputy Marshal was then asked to make Freeman strip; he very peremptorily commanded him to do so. Freeman refused. Liston asked the deputy to force him. The counsel for Freeman told them that if they did it, that they would do it at their peril. The deputy feared, and the Union like to have been lost. At this critical juncture in the nation's history, the patriotic and chivalrous lawyers, using the great telegraph, came to the rescue. They sent a dispatch to the great, grand United States Marshal of Rushville, and in the afternoon of the same day the brave Marshal arrived at the capital. The Union almost gone, great excitement, apprehensions that Freeman might still refuse to be stripped naked, made all the patriotic band of the Marshal quail. In this awfully dangerous position of affairs, he kept up his courage, and re-assured his downcast followers. Noble deeds deserve to be heralded abroad in these glorious United States, to inspire a loftier patriotism.

"I will relate the facts of this super-Satanic feat as they occurred, hoping that my exuberance of praise of the ever-to-be-remembered actors will be attributed to my devotion to the Union. Well, as I was saying, all hearts palpitated for fear the sable animal in jail would refuse to take off his clothes, and then free and happy America would become the scene of untold sufferings. The fanatical counsel for the *nigger* got to talk with the magnanimous Marshal at last, and with great dignity and unparralled bravery, he informed them that they could not be present at the examination of Freeman, unless they would consent to his undressing. This they were not willing to do, and were foolish enough to protest against it. They could not daunt the Marshal. He marshalled his posse, consisting of the venerable and Christian Ellington, his witnesses, the honourable counsel for Ellington, and other braves, determined to save the Union, and see the naked hide of that *nigger*, or die in the chivalrous attempt. The excited party drew near to the jail; none of them fainted; they went, all of them, to the door of the cell, and stood but a moment to revive their quailing hearts, when they unlocked the door, went in, excluded Freeman's counsel, and proceeded to their perilous undertaking. They first ordered Ereeman to take off his clothes. He refused. They brooked all dangers, however, made him strip, found he was black all over, and then came out without the loss of a single man. The witnesses were then prepared to swear that this man, whom they had not seen before for 16 years, and whom they could not recognize by looking at his face, was Ellington's property. Why is it that they knew the covered parts of his body, while they could not remember his face, has not been reported! Suffice it to say, the Union is now safe. I will not venture to comment on these interesting facts. They speak for themselves. This is the second time our Marshal has had Freeman stripped, so that Ellington's witnesses could swear to him. Posterity will, no doubt, put Liston, Walpole, Robinson, Haynau, Ellington, Caligula, and Nero, and other like patriots, in the same category.

"THE PLEA—THE FUGITIVE LAW."

"The counsel for Ellington, finding that Freeman's counsel had procured abundant evidence to show that he was a freeman, have abandoned the ground of a fair trial, and refused to attend the examination of Freeman's witnesses, stating, as the plea on which they now depend, that the defendant has no right to offer evidence—and that on their demand and proof the man must be 'delivered up' to them. They will demur to all evidence on the part of Freeman. Many think that the Fugitive law will justify this course, and I should not suppose it to be unlikely. This law is the quintessence of legal villany, and is perfectly devlish. It has no feature that is reasonable or right, and it would be strange if such a masterly exhibition of depravity should not contain every abhorrent, disgusting, and fiendish characteristic that could possibly be invented.

I should not wonder if it refused to admit Freeman's evidence. That he is free no sane Christian in this city pretends to doubt. Ellington never owned Freeman. This is morally certain. He can and does, most unequivocally, that he has been free for at least twenty years, and every gentleman who has examined his evidence, look upon Ellington's claim as impossible and absurd; yet I am sorry to say that the probability is, that Freeman will be carried off into perpetual slavery, unless God interposes to prevent the outrage.

REVEREND PLEASANT ELLINGTON.

I see this in some of the papers. He is not a preacher. He is only a private member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South—Ellington is a large, burly, light-haired man. He has no great education, and less refinement—talks savagely of his determination to take Freeman away from here. Messrs. Ketchum, Barber, and Cobourn, Freeman's counselors, deserve great credit for their faithfulness to him and humanity. I had to write this. If the Union-saving patriots shall develope their hearts a little more, I will write it to the end.

B. F. CRARY.

LATER NEWS!

ELLINGTON'S "SAM."—The veritable "Sam" which Ellington, the claimant of John Freeman, has described as his runaway Slave has been discovered in Canada. Freeman's indefatigable counsel, not content with proving that Freeman is a free man, and never was the Slave of Ellington, have undertaken to inform said Ellington where his Slave is. Mr. Coburn, of counsel for Freeman, in company with two of the former neighbours of Ellington, from Greenup county, Kentucky, visited "Sam" a few days ago at his residence near Malden, Canada. The two Kentuckians, who, by the way, are slaveholders, and among the most respectable citizens of that State, fully recognized "Sam," and on examination found the scars described by Ellington. "Sam," himself, says he was E's Slave, and ran away from him about 16 years ago.

These gentlemen visited Freeman last Monday, and in their depositions taken on last Tuesday, they say, as we are reliably informed, that said Freeman is *not* "Sam," and does not much resemble him, and that they have no doubt that the Canada "Sam" is the one that Ellington lost.—*Indianapolis Free Democrat, 18th.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

**** All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1853.

BEHIND TIME.—Last week's issue of the *Standard* was delayed several hours by an accident in the press room, which made it impossible to forward the Boston and Philadelphia bundles at the usual time.

LIFE OF ISAAC T. HOPPER.—A copy of this work was received from the publisher too late for notice the present week. The book is now for sale at this office, and our friends may do something to "help the cause along" by purchasing it here rather than at the bookstores. Price $1 25.

THE UNITED STATES AND AUSTRIA.

IT is believed that the United States are going to show a spark of spirit in another direction than slave-catching. It is not certain, yet; but there is good ground to hope that they may, for once, do a creditable action—the rather, that it is not likely to cost them much besides a little diplomatic gasconade. The decision of President Pierce's Cabinet as to the Koszta affair is not known in an authentic shape, as yet; but the general belief is that they will sustain the course of Commodore Ingraham. We would that that spirited officer were not cursed with a name of which any honest man ought to be ashamed. It is hard that we should have to couple praise with a combination of syllables which the Philadelphia Commissioner has made a stench in the nostrils of mankind. Robert Treat Paine, the poet, author of "Adams and Liberty," was originally named Thomas, and was usually for shortness called Tom Paine. When he had occasion to change his name one day, he petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts to grant him "a *Christian* Name!" We think Commodore Ingraham should in like manner apply to the proper authorities to grant him an honest name, one free from the associations of infamy which cling to the one which it is his misfortune to bear. He has shown spirit, promptitude and courage in his determination to protect, at all hazards, a man entitled to the protection of his flag. It is the first time for near forty years that the Navy has done anything which even looked as if it could be of the smallest use, other than as a provision for the younger sons of the First Families of Virginia, which purpose, for a long time at least, it answered to a charm. We believe the charm has been broken, to some extent, of late years; but we are happy to say that few men hold high commands that hail from anywhere but the Old Dominion.

We say that we have hopes that the United States Government will follow up Commander Ingraham's interposition by refusing to give up this man to the tender mercies of Austria. To be sure, it will be an evil ensample, inasmuch as it may strengthen the hands or encourage the hearts of Vigilance Committees, and other individual and colllective Fanaticisms, in assisting in the escape of the black Kosztas from our Southern Austrias. If it should hearten up some Northern State to say that no one who had ever claimed the sanctuary of its soil should be taken from it, it would be better still. But we do not violently anticipate any such consequence, so that Mr. Pierce need not be deterred by the apprehension. It will not be an expensive feather in Uncle Sam's cap. Austria consumes little or no cotton. She has but one seaport, which we can easily blockade. We shall have all the glory and excitement of a War without the danger or the inconvenience of one. It would cost a trifle; but that is of no consequence. No democrat would object to anything called for by National Glory, and the Whigs would rejoice in anything that delayed the evil day of Free Trade and No Protection. The Free Soilers would, of course, go in for it. They would jump at the chance. So we should present a united front and the world might see which cock will fight best, the Double-headed Eagle or the Single-headed one. We are in luck that this quarrel fell out with Austria rather than Russia or England; for we should have had to give in had they helped themselves to any of our citizens. It would not do to interfere with good customers. And, besides, though we will not suffer our courage to be doubted, still we mingle Discretion with our Valour, and had a little rather fight with somebody a little weaker than ourselves.

The conduct of Austria was perhaps somewhat irregular, when judged by the canons of the Law of Nations, in seizing a fugitive subject in a foreign country and carrying him off into captivity, with a dungeon or a gibbet in the perspective. But of this we have no particular reason to complain, inasmuch as we have made precisely such a proceeding strictly regular, by our fundamental Constitutions of Government. According to strict construction, that held by Mr. Calhoun, and which has been taken up by Mr. Rantoul and Mr. Sumner, the sovereign though petty princes of our land are entitled to seize upon any of their fugitives wherever they can find them and to carry them off, without molestation. All that this School of Politicians (unquestionably the sound one) hold the other States have to do with it, is, to keep the peace and to see that the master is not hindered of his right by violence. The Law of Ninety-Three was introduced and passed, because certain enthusiasts for the Peculiar Institution availed themselves of the provision of the Constitution to subject unwilling, because inconsiderate, persons to the blessings it holds out, who were not by birth entitled to enjoy them. That Law was intended as a protection, such as it was, to Liberty, by providing some sort of inquiry into the condition of a person accused of being a Slave. The Law of Fifty was meant to make Presidents, and to turn the stream of honours and emoluments in the direction of one set of pockets or another, which mission it fulfilled. But both laws are in derogation of the Constitution, and so, we believe, it will be decided by the Supreme Court, should the question ever reach it—because the majority of the Judges are Slaveholders and Strict Constructionists, who will not let Congress into the fold of Slavery even to protect their lambs. They fear the dogs of to-day may be the wolves of to-morrow.

The Turkish authorities, then, did precisely what the sovereign States of Massachusetts or of Ohio are bound to do by the Constitution they both acknowledge. Either of them is bound to stand by and do nothing (except keep the peace, if it should be in danger of being broken) when the citizen of another sovereign State seizes and carries off an innocent man, who is living in their place and has claimed their protection and hospitality. This is what Turkey did, and when we abuse her for her want of spirit and tame submission to an insult of this kind, let us just turn to our own Glorious Constitution and see how we have stipulated for submitting to just such treatment as she has received at the hands of Austria. And this, on the very strictest construction, which would demolish all the laws that have ever been made to enforce it. But we have gone further than the Turks. They have never appointed officers to catch Austrian refugees and Commissioners to try them and Marshals to carry them back at the expense of the Sublime Porte. Still less have they reached that height of self-respect and devotion to duty which distinguished the ancient City of Boston in the Affair of Sims. The magistrates of Smyrna did not allow their City Marshal to seize Koszta, on pretence of a suspicion of theft, but on behalf of Austria; and then keep him in a Chained Court House, guarded by volunteer citizens, until the Austrian Captain was ready to take him on board. Such is the darkness of Mahometan barbarism when compared with the fullness of the light of Christian Civilization! Let us hope that the labours of the A. B. C. F. M. will be rewarded by the conversion of that benighted nation to the blessing of such Republicanism and such Religion as we enjoy in this highly favoured land!

But, still, we hope that poor Koszta will not be delivered over to the tormentors; but that our braggings will be blest to his deliverance. We have not a high opinion of the American Nation; but we do not grudge it the credit which the assertion of the doctrine that whoever has touched the hem of its garment shall be entitled to its protection, would give it in the world. It would not be deserved, to be sure. It would only be another inconsistency to pile upon the load under which it is smothered. But it would be one savouring of virtue and would perhaps open some eyes to the perception of those others which make her the bye-word of the world. It would be an example of a powerful nation putting forth its strength to protect a victim of despotic institutions. For many years, its only glory has been in putting it forth to crush him. Perhaps some State may lay the lesson to heart and, some day, better the instruction by applying the same principle to refugees from a tyranny such as Austria never dreamed of, and by carrying out the true doctrine of Civil Government, that it is a Combination of the strong for the protection, and not as usually seen, for the crushing, of the weak.—E. Q.

JUDGE M'LEAN'S DECISION.

ON the first page will be found an opinion recently given by Hon. JOHN McLEAN, one of the Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court, in a case arising under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. This is the first instance in which a Judge of that Court has been called to decide a case under that law, and hence the decision is of the highest importance as a precedent. It is the more important because of Judge McLean's supposed leanings against Slavery. If we are not mistaken, strong hopes were entertained by many Free Soilers in 1848 that he would be the nominee of the Buffalo Convention for the Presidency! His opinion is probably not reported with entire accuracy, but there is no room for doubt that he has set aside all the most important arguments heretofore used against the constitutionality of the law of 1850, and given the Slave-catchers a clear field. He even condescends to whitewash the provision which doubles the Commissioner's fee if he decides against the fugitive! If this is the most Anti-Slavery Judge on that bench, what shall be said of the Court itself?

Perhaps Judge McLean's decision is in accordance with the Constitution, but *we* have not hitherto deemed the instrument quite so bad as he represents it to be. But if he is right, then, as an honest man, he was bound to cut off his right hand rather than use it for signing a certificate to send a human being into Slavery. If the Constitution and the law pronounced the man a Slave, they did *not* require him to be a partner in the sin of sending him back. He could easily have avoided the villainous act by resigning his office. And what a noble spectacle might he thus have presented to the world! He would by this act of moral heroism have struck a blow for human liberty and the salvation of his country which would have thrilled the conscience and commanded the admiration of the whole civilized and Christian world. But alas! the statesmen of America are pigmies, morally speaking, and possess neither the capacity nor the inclination to perform high and noble deeds.

Judge McLean flatters himself that no responsibility attaches to him personally, for sending a human being into Slavery, because he has only done what he had officially sworn to do; as if an act, villainous in itself, were less villainous when performed in obedience to an oath voluntarily taken. In the high Chancery of Heaven, Judge McLean will be held personally responsible for the enslavement of George McQuerry. Before that dread Tribunal all subterfuges and all apologies for such iniquity will be vain.

THE *Louisiann Statesman* is one of the few Southern papers that exchange with the *Standard*. Alluding to the recent slave case in Philadelphia and the obstacles thrown in the way of the claimant by the counsel for the fugitive, it asks: "Are we never to obtain quiet? Shall we, in all coming years, be annoyed by the craft and chicanery of the enemies of the South? Can we never calmly rely upon the solemn laws of Congress based upon a broad provision of the Constitution, so that we may cultivate fraternal feelings towards our northern brethren, instead of arming ourselves for opposition?" We answer our cotemporary respectfully, but earnestly, as follows: If your "quiet" depends upon the easy and unobstructed enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, then you of the South may as well make up your minds at once to be perpetually "annoyed," for the rendition of slaves, however constitutional, is a business opposed to the conscience and moral sense of all the better portion of the people in the Free States, and every case that occurs increases the agitation and inflames the sentiment of hostility to the law and the constitutional provision on which it is founded. Politicians, to secure your votes, may tell you the Anti-Slavery sentiment is dying out, that the agitation was put down by the compromises, &c; but if you trust them, you will be cheated. The Anti-Slavery movement was never so powerful, and never gaining adherents so rapidly, as at this time. Its friends are full of hope and faith, and, clothed with the panoply of truth, invincible. If you would secure peace for yourselves and exemption from agitation, emancipate your slaves and set them to work as free labourers.

LUCY STONE IN VERMONT.—Lucy Stone, at this present writing, is in Orange County, Vermont, where she is lecturing by invitation, we believe, of the Free Soil party in that county. It was a very sensible step, on the part of the political Abolitionists, to secure the services of such an uncompromising and eloquent advocate of the cause; and the result will no doubt be seen, not only in the increased number of Anti-Slavery votes, cast by seceders from the old parties, but in the conversion to 'Garrisonian' views of a sufficient number to keep those voters, by earnest rebukes of their short-comings, from relapsing into their former state. The Free Soilers are beginning to understand that the most formidable agitators are the Old Organized Abolitionists, and that, if they would keep their party alive, they must help on the more radical movement of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

We learn from private sources that Miss Stone's meetings in Vermont have been immense in point of numbers, and that her addresses have awakened a great deal of interest and not a little enthusiasm. At West Randolph, on Sunday last, so great was the crowd, that the meeting-house proved insufficient, and one half the audience were compelled to take a position on the outside, a window being removed to make a stand for the speaker. It is to be regretted that Miss Stone will be so soon compelled to leave a field which promises to reward her labours with a rich harvest.

THE RELIGIOUS BODIES of the country, if they would redeem themselves from the accumulating scorn and contempt of good men, must take hold of their appropriate work in the spirit manifested by the Progressive Friends in their action upon West India Emancipation, as recorded on the first page. The resolutions referred to should have appeared last week, but they were unfortunately crowded out.

FREE PRESBYTERIAN.—Some weeks since, we informed our readers that this paper—formerly published at Mercer, Pa., and suspended one year ago, in the hope that the *Christian Press* at Cincinnati would supply the wants of its readers—was about to be resumed. We have now to acknowledge the receipt of the first number under the new arrangement. It is issued at Albany, Athens Co., Ohio, and edited by Rev. Joseph Gordon and Rev. W. G. Kephart. In theology it is strictly and earnestly Orthodox, in Anti-Slavery and other reforms uncompromising and thorough; and if we may infer its future from its past course, it will never, like the *Christian Press*, disgrace itself by echoing the cry of "infidel" against those Abolitionists whose creeds do not square with its own. Its spirit is indicated in the following extract from Mr. Gordon's introductory:

We design publishing an *independent* paper, and shall claim the right of discussing all questions that we deem important. But while claiming absolute freedom of thought and speech for ourselves, we freely concede the same to all others. We do not claim to be infallible. We shall rejoice to be taught by those wiser and better than ourselves. Hence our paper will be open to free discussion. We shall aim to give both sides of mooted questions a fair hearing. We have undoubted confidence in truth, and we know that the more critically truth is scrutinized the more clearly will its beauty and glory shine out. Error only dreads discussion; falsehood and crime alone shrink from the light. The truth asks no unfair advantage in the conflict with error. She asks only a fair field, and when that is secured, her spiritual weapons may be safely trusted to pull down the strongholds of falsehood and sin.

THE EDITOR of the *Religious Telescope*, (the organ of the sect known as "United Brethren in Christ,") published at Circleville, Ohio, writes to the *Tribune* that the Postmaster at Glenville, Va., refuses to deliver that paper to subscribers, and burns it publicly in the street, on the ground that it contains "Abolition matter." The *Telescope* is one of our own exchanges, and we can testify that its Anti-Slavery is of the most diluted and "prudent" sort. If all Virginia were covered with its issues, there would be little danger of agitation in consequence. It has circulated freely in Virginia for sixteen years, and probably does now in every place to which it is sent except Glenville, whose Postmaster doubtless has a special ambition for notoriety as a defender of Slavery. His conduct is of course illegal, or would be, rather, if *anything* could be illegal, in the estimation of the National Government, that a slaveholder or his tool may take it into his head to do.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Slavery is always sure to mix itself up with every political or economical question that comes before the country, and its defenders are always on the watch for a chance to make a bargain or a compromise with the North to promote its interests. Just now the project most discussed in the political journals is that for a Railroad to the Pacific. The building of such a road by the National Government would of course be an utter violation of the Democratic doctrine of State Rights and Strict Construction, but the project bids fair to be too popular to be resisted, and the Administration is already beginning to take ground in its favour. There is likely to be much difficulty in fixing upon a route for the road, and it is just here that the slaveholders mean to outwit the North. We publish this week two articles from the *Tribune*, which show very clearly what's in the wind.

THE *Daily Register* of Philadelphia has been enlarged—a fact which we are glad to accept as an evidence of its pecuniary success. To say that it is the best daily issued in the Quaker city would be to offer only a feeble tribute to its merits, since it is well known that the daily press of that city, in point of intellect, enterprise and moral principle, is far behind the demands of the age, and fails utterly (the *Register* excepted) to be a fair exponent of the sentiments of the people. But when we say it deserves to be ranked among the best dailies in the country, that it is independent and fearless in its tone, that it dares to rebuke popular wickedness and defend the Higher Law, we speak less equivocally and therefore more to the purpose.

YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.—The yellow fever is sweeping hundreds of people to the grave every day in New Orleans. During the week ending on the 20th, the number of deaths from this disease alone was 1,365. In five weeks, from July 17 to Aug. 18, the number was 4,822. Died of other diseases during the same period, 876. This mortality is frightful. The reports of suffering among the poor and strangers are such as to fill the mind with horror.

MR. MCKIM'S SPEECH.—The speech of our able coadjutor, JAMES MILLER MCKIM, made on a recent occasion in London, will be found on the first page. For clearness of statement, cogency of reasoning, and appositeness of illustration, it is just what we anticipated; and it confirms our previous belief that it is very fortunate for the Anti-Slavery Cause in the United States that it has in Europe at the present time a representative so thoroughly acquainted with its history, its relations to parties and sects, and the manner in which it may be most effectually aided by its foreign friends.

☞ THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its next Anniversary at Cincinnati, commencing October 4th. Whether the Board will do anything to purify itself of its pro-slavery stains remains to be seen.

REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER'S wife died at her home in Williamsburgh, on Friday night, 19th instant, after a short illness.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

A HANGING took place at Hollidaysburgh, Pa., a few days since, and was signalized, as such scenes usually are, by drunkenness, profanity and fighting. We are told that the gallows is a divine institution. Why, then, does it produce such fruits?

—FEMALE preachers are increasing in number. A correspondent of the *Gospel Banner* notices one, of whom we had not before heard; Rev. Hannah Connor, of Troy, Maine. She is, it seems, a regular preacher of the Freewill Baptist denomination. The writer in the *Banner*, having heard her preach a funeral discourse, speaks of her in highly eulogistic terms.

—MISS HENNSLER, a Boston girl, of fine musical genius, was sent to Paris some months since to perfect her professional education in the *Conservatoire*. By advice of the celebrated composer, Auber, she sang recently before the judges at the *Concours* on trial for a prize. There were thirty competitors, most of whom had enjoyed higher advantages of culture than herself, but she won the second prize. She is only 17 years of age.

—THE *Evening Post*, seeing it announced in the Washington papers that the statistics of manufactures, returned by the last census, are not to be published on account of their alleged inaccuracy, expresses its fears that the omission to print is the result of a conviction on the part of certain gentlemen that the returns in question are found to be inconsistent with certain theories in relation to the benefits derived from the "peculiar institution." Very likely the *Post* is right in its suspicion.

—A RELIGIOUS meeting has been started at Syracuse under an invitation embracing "all who acknowledge the right and duty of all persons to teach according to their ability to do so, and who are anxious to elicit truth on religious subjects, independent of party, names, sects, or denominations." The *Carson League*, from which we get this information, says: "The meetings, though purely anti-sectarian are open to all sects. They open the door for all to come upon a common platform, and stand upon a strictly democratic level. No one is an intruder who is orderly and decent—any one is welcome who is a sincere searcher for truth."

—A WIDOW was recently sent to jail in Portland, Maine, for a debt which she was too poor to pay. After an incarceration of 15 days she was discharged upon taking the poor debtor's oath. The creditor was a member of one of the churches in Boston, but had too little of the spirit of Christ to preserve him from this act of meanness and tyranny toward a poor woman. The facts have been widely commented upon by the press. Even the Washington *Union*, always ready to lend its aid in catching the poor women who run away from Slavery and to vindicate a system which sunders the holiest relations of life and sells girls for prostitution, had the impudence to affect a tender sympathy for the Portland widow and indignation for the man who imprisoned her!

—IN the Maine Baptist Convention, recently held at Saco, a black man, whose curly locks were white with age and sorrow, told the assembly of his birth as a slave—of his trials and success in purchasing himself, his wife and four children from Slavery. He told them with the emotion of a father's heart, that one more, a little daughter of ten years, was still unredeemed, and $125 were still wanting to make up her 'price.' The contribution box was passed through the Convention and $96 contributed, and the Convention immediately passed the following resolutions, unanimously:

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law deserves and receives our hearty condemnation.

Resolved, That the Maine Liquor Law deserves our hearty support.

—JOHN P. HALE was the orator of one of the Literary Societies of Middlebury College at the Commencement recently held. The Vermont *Chronicle* says:

His subject was, National Morality; and the doctrine inculcated, that principles of morality, such as justice and truth, are as binding upon nations as upon individuals, and that the nation which seeks its own aggrandizement at the expense or in disregard of these principles, must expect, equally with individuals, to experience a righteous retribution; and as nations have an existence, as such, only in this world, they must expect an earthly retribution. The doctrine was good and such as we should be glad to see held and acted upon by all who are in any way connected with the making of our laws or the administration of our government. The address was apparently wholly written, and the delivery somewhat heavy, showing that Saul's armour was not exactly suited to the orator.

—THE YOUNG FOLKS belonging to the various Lyceums in Chester County, Pa., held a meeting for social, literary and reformatory purposes, in the woods near Cochranville, on the 13th instant. A friend who was present informs us that each of the Lyceums represented contributed its quota to the pleasures of the day in the form of addresses, essays, recitations or songs. The various reforms of the day received a share of attention, showing clearly that many at least of the Young Folks of Chester County have been trained up in the way they should go. Slavery was most earnestly denounced, which leads us to fear that the Baltimore Platforms are not held in the highest veneration in that region. The Woman question was the subject of an excellent essay read by one of the sex. Our informant well says, "This exhibition of intellectual life and interest in the progress of the race on the part of our young people is encouraging, though nothing more than ought to be expected, considering the amount of labour that has been expended among us."

TEMPERANCE.

THE Syracuse *League* understands that Gerrit Smith will attend the "Whole World's Temperance Convention," in this city on Thursday and Friday next.

—A LARGE Convention was held at Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, on the 13th, to nominate a ticket for County Officers and members of the Legislature, that measure being thought necessary to counteract the movements of the rum party. The Convention did its work with boldness and courage.

—A WRITER in the *Chronicle*, the Anti-Maine Law paper in Boston, pays the Universalist clergy in and about Boston the following compliment:

Nearly every Universalist clergyman in Boston, and nearly every one out of Boston, is a noisy brawler in favour of the Maine Law. No further comments are necessary. The fact has significance. He that runs can read.

—MR. BARNUM, when lecturing in Painesville, Ohio, recently, spoke of the liquor manufacture carried on in this country as utterly diabolical. For instance, he said that brandy and some other liquors were '*doctored*' so much that he had known of a new tin measure, kept exclusively to draw liquor in and turn immediately through a tunnel into the jug, to be actually *eaten through* in the space of *six weeks!* so poisonous were the drugs put into the liquor to keep it *in life!*

—THE supporters of the rum traffic in Acton, Mass., have been at work recently in a manner which exhibits at once their own character and that of their cause. Messrs. Fletcher and Snow, two highly respectable citizens of the place, made an effort to enforce the Maine Law. Mr. Fletcher's valuable orchard was thereupon girdled and destroyed, and six bottles of the oil of vitriol were thrown through the parlour windows of Mr. Snow, destroying the carpets and injuring the furniture.

CONVENTIONS IN NEW YORK.

THE *Whole World's Temperance Convention* will assemble in this city, in Metropolitan Hall, on Thursday next, September 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue through that and the following day. It is probable that a very large number of people will be in attendance. The exclusion of women from all responsible participation in the other so-called World's Convention, to be held the following week, has excited a good deal of feeling in various parts of the country, and it is natural to expect that a multitude of those who regard that exclusion as invidious and unjustifiable, as well on the score of policy as of principle, will improve the opportunity thus afforded to give expression to their sentiments, as well upon this collateral issue as upon the great question of Temperance itself.

The authors of woman's exclusion from the Convention to be held on the 6th of Sept. have set up the plea that those who contended for her admission did so, not to promote the cause of Temperance, but from an ulterior design to bring the question of "*Woman's Rights*" upon the Temperance platform. This imputation is slanderous, of course, and we look to the *Whole* World's Convention to prove it such in the face of the world. Temperance, the means for its promotion, and the right of every friend of total abstinence, of whatever sex, party or colour, to participate in all efforts to ensure its triumph—these are the only topics to be discussed in that Convention. The question of Woman's Rights will come up in its appropriate place and time.

The following speakers are engaged to be present at the Convention.

SAMUEL J. MAY,	THEODORE PARKER,
T. W. HIGGINSON,	WM. H. CHANNING,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,	HORACE GREELEY,
WM. L. GARRISON,	PHINEAS T. BARNUM,
EDWIN THOMSON,	LUCRETIA MOTT,
FRANCES D. GAGE,	HARRIET K. HUNT,
LUCY STONE,	FREDERICK DOUGLASS,
CHARLES C. BULEIGH,	ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

The following, among others, have expressed their desire to attend should other engagements permit:

HORACE MANN, NEAL DOW,
GERRIT SMITH.

—THE *World's Temperance Convention*, with one half the world excluded, will be held in this city Sept. 6th, 7th, and 8th, in Metropolitan Hall.

—THE *Woman's Rights Convention* will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, Sept. 6th and 7th, and will probably bring together a very large body of people. The most eminent friends of that cause, from various parts of the country, will no doubt be present, and there will be speaking worth a long journey hither to hear.

POLITICS.

THE Free Democracy of Vermont will hold a Mass Convention at Montpelier on the 1st of September.

—COLONEL BENTON'S friends in Missouri, we see it stated, are determined to run him for the Presidency in 1856, regardless of all Conventions and all parties

—THE *Democrat*, published in Williams Co., Ohio has renounced the Administration and joined the Independent Democracy.

—THE *Evening Post*, as our readers will remember, did not hesitate to denounce the appointment

Daniel E. Sickles of this city to the post of Secretary of Legation at London as a disgrace to the Administration, he being well known here as utterly profligate. The New Orleans *Courier* thereupon takes occasion to question the soundness of the *Post's* democracy and to give it a hit for its Free Soil tendencies, but without denying the truth of its impeachment. The *Post*, however, boldly reiterates its declarations respecting the character of Sickles, and affirms that "it is upon open stark-naked profligacy that the Administration has bestowed its honours." If all political journals were equally truthful and fearless, bad men would not get into office as often as they do.

CONVENTION AT CUMMINGTON.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Some of our friends in the Western part of Massachusetts have been for some months desirous that an Anti-Slavery Convention should be held in that region, and that the thorough and uncompromising doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society should be proclaimed at it. It was finally determined to hold the meeting on the 17th and 18th inst., at the town of Cummington, in the western part of Hampshire County. The use of the meeting house, formerly occupied by the Baptists, but at present by a society gathered by the eloquent and faithful preaching of our friend Rev. E. A. Stockman, was obtained. On the day appointed for the Convention to commence—the 17th—an easterly rain set in, of course, much to our disappointment, and that of many others, as we were assured, who from a considerable circuit of country were intending to be present. Notwithstanding the rain, our opening meeting on Wednesday was well attended, and that in the evening still more numerously; John S. Stafford was elected President; Deacon Brown and Doctor Joy, Vice-Presidents; Nelson Brown, Secretary. In the afternoon, the Convention was opened with prayer, and afterwards addressed by the President, by Samuel May, Jr., General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and by Rev. Andrew T. Foss of New Hampshire, now a lecturing agent of the same Society. In the evening Messrs Foss and May spoke again, and Rev. Mr. Stockman, also, who ably and boldly exposed some of the pro-slavery and sectarian devices, employed in that town and neighbourhood, to divert or stifle the growing Anti-Slavery sentiment of the region. The choir of singers, connected with Mr. Stockman's society, both in the afternoon and evening, as also through the following day, added very essentially to the interest and pleasure of the meeting by their admirable selection of Anti-Slavery hymns and songs, and by the unusually impressive and tasteful manner in which they sang them. They truly sang "with the spirit and with the understanding also"—a band of young men and women, by whose sweet and touching harmonies, we hope many a heart and soul, at present unmoved, will be brought to feel for the wronged and suffering slave, and to join hands with all who are faithfully labouring for his redemption.

Thursday morning found the rain still heavily falling, with no prospect of cessation that day. Still our friends were not disheartened. At 9 o'clock, many of the neighbours gathered at the meeting-house, to attend the funeral of a little child of three years old, the services at which were conducted very impressively by Mr. Stockman. At 10 1-2 o'clock, the Convention reassembled; resolutions were reported, and addresses made by Mr. Foss, and by Rev. Thomas H. Jones, once a slave, but now a free subject of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and residing in the province of New Brunswick, whither he was driven by the infamous Fugitive Slave Law.

Just as the morning meeting adjourned, Wendell Phillips arrived from Northampton, to the great delight of all present. In the afternoon, the house was filled, several having come distances of from five to sixteen miles, notwithstanding the heavy rain. The principal part of the P. M. session was occupied in listening to a most elegant address from Mr. Phillips on the leading features of the cause, and the position occupied by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The closest attention was given, and was well rewarded. Addresses were also made by Messrs. Foss and May. Dr. Joy made some inquiries as to the kind of political action which the American Anti-Slavery Society contemplated—to which Mr. Phillips replied. In the evening, Messrs. Phillips and Foss again spoke—Mr. Brown of Cheshire sang J. G. Whittier's well-known lines, "a Sabbath Scene," which he had arranged to appropriate music, and which was received with great applause—and at about 10 o'clock, the Conventian finally adjourned. We all felt assured that a good and effective meeting had been held; and unquestionably, if the weather had been favourable, a crowded audience would have been present from first to last. Unusual interest was manifested. There is a good spirit alive in that region—The Messrs. Stafford, Deacon Brown, Mr. Stockman, Dr. Bemis and others, extended a generous hospitality to those present from other towns.

NEW ENGLAND.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, August 5, 1853.

MY DEAR GAY: Who do you think called on me a day or two since? Neither more nor less than a lady from Boston, who had just come to Ireland, accompanied by her friends, a New York merchant, his lady and their two sons—all on their way to Thebes and Jerusalem. I am afraid it would be difficult to sharpen my face, but though this be impossible, I was greatly refreshed by the sight of my friend, and in order to prolong the pleasure I offered myself as guide to her party through the wonders of our National Exhibition. We dont call ours "a World's Exhibition." It would be too ridiculous for people living in such a little island as this—pitched at random into the middle of the salt water—to talk of the world having selected us for a great demonstration of any kind. I think it is an American fashion to get up "a row," and say the world did it. The London Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840 was christened a World's Convention on your side of the Herring Pond; and a lamentable representation appeared there. It was chiefly made up of Friends and dissenting ministers, with some women in a sheep-pen at one end, and a few Abolitionists from New England perched as spectators in the gallery. Then we have had a World's Peace Convention and a World's Temperance Convention—both very poor affairs, and chiefly suggestive of the small share of the world that takes any interest in temperance or peace The more is the pity. But what is the use in cavilling? Let me try and be good humoured. We went to the Exhibition, and, as Henry C. Wright would say, we had a good time. I wish you had been with us, to see what a capital guide I made. We began at the beginning in the Machinery Department, where there is, of course, a terrible noise, the clack of looms, the whirr of spinning jennies, the boom of the huge steam-engine, and the slip-slop of the confectionary man, who attracts great attention as he shakes his comfits and candies to and fro in huge copper basins. A friend of mine, who has set up a powerful printing-machine, at great expense, close to the comfits, expressed much dissatisfaction because the Lord Lieutenant, when he visited the department, was so much more attracted by these goodies than by the intellectual food poured forth from his press. This is too hard. Lords Lieutenant are only children of a larger growth, and we should all make allowance for the force of first impressions. In the Machinery Department, one poor blind man was busy making baskets for the general edification, and another read the Testament with his fingers from morning till night. I thought it extremely tiresome to look at him; he must be terribly fatigued. At first I wondered why they put this poor fellow among the machinery, but now see it was quite right. We next paraded up and down the manufactures—through the soap and candles, porcelain, fire-arms, hardware, cutlery, perfumery, combs and brushes, clocks and watches, Australian houses, cloths, calicoes, crochet-work, lace, carpets, linens, farming implements, carriages, bog-oak, jewellery, gold and silver, and a hundred thousand other things too numerous to mention, including boots and shoes, ladies corsets, stuffed birds, surgical instruments, and philosophical apparatus, tastefully interspersed with furniture, musical instruments, chemical preparations, busts, statues, bronzes, artificial flowers, models of Irish round towers, gigantic statues of the Queen, the Virgin Mary, and so forth, and so forth. I know this enumeration must fail to convey any clear conception of the arrangement or the general effect, but I can do no more than give you the materials, and if you cannot arrange them to your own satisfaction in your "mind's gallery," the loss is yours, not mine. The external appearance of the building is neither classical nor Gothic, Moorish or Byzantian, Hindoo or Chinese, Saracenic or Mexican. Viewed in front, it resembles five inverted bowls in a row, raised upon platforms of unequal height—the bowls at the extremity are the smallest, and least elevated; the centre bowl (which is black, while the rest are all white,) is the biggest and the nearest to the clouds, whilst those that enter here represent the second degree of comparison. The elevations which support these domes are ornamented with a sort of Arabesque tracery, that relieves the heavy aspect of the whole, and they are surmounted by two galleries, by the lower of which the visitors to the Exhibition have access to the open air, and pass from one of the galleries in the interior of the building to the other. Seen in profile, as I can see it from my garret window, across the trees of the College Park, the upper part of the Exhibition Building resembles the capsized hull of a Brobdingagian man-of-war, when that gigantic nation built their ships after the Dutch model. These five cupolas, demes, or inverted bowls, surmount so many halls, which stretch backwards across the lawn of the Dublin Society House (formerly the palace of the Duke of Leinster) to the house itself. This lawn is wholly devoted to the Exhibition, and is so completely covered by it that not a blade of grass is to be seen. And the house is surrounded by it, for the galleries at each end of the Exhibition are continued through the space at each side of the palace until they meet over the principal entrance at the opposite side, leaving nothing clear of encumbrance but a small part of that court-yard in front of the building, which, in the times before the Union, used to be crowded by the equipages of the profligate, wasteful, unprincipled Irish aristocracy of that day, whom it is now so much the fashion for our professional patriots to regret. In my opinion they were a curse and a burden to the country, and at that time they were the chief difficulty in the way of Ireland's improvement and prosperity, being the representatives, and a good deal animated by the spirit and the passions of her ancient conquerors. They have been pretty well quelled. Now she has a different and much more crafty class to cope with; who hold the keys of heaven and hell, whose whole strength lies in the superstition and ignorance of the people, who dread education, order, good government, and popular content. They are far more united, determined, and dangerous foes for Ireland to deal with, and how she will ever shake them off, God only knows. Next to the Machinery Hall is the hall devoted to English and Irish manufactures. Next is the Great or Principal Hall, surmounted by the black dome. Then comes that which contains the contributions from France, Germany, Belgium, and other parts beyond the sea, and the fifth is that devoted to the Picture Gallery. This last is the glory of the whole show. It is said to be unexampled in its kind, as an exhibition, in a great extent, of ancient and modern paintings in the same gallery. The collection is very attractive and popular, for they include but few of those glorious specimens of human genius which require great discrimination to discover anything but smoke on the canvass. Every good soul who owned a good picture anywhere, and was willing to lend it, was welcome to send it here. The king of the Belgians has been most liberal of his fine specimens of modern art, and the productions of Flemish artists are amongst the most attractive in the gallery. Rembrandt's "Burgomaster," Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," Mulready's "Wolf and the Lamb," Danby's "Deluge," Barker's "Woodman," that we have all seen engraved so often, besides pictures by Titian, Carlo Dolci, and other old Trojans too numerous to mention. It is a great sight. I have neither taste nor skill, but I know what I like, and am sure this Exhibition is a delightful lounge. Everybody thanks Mr. Dargan for it, and nobody thinks of thanking anybody else, so overwhelming is his share of the enterprize. His was the idea of the Exhibition, and he supplied the money, and reared the building. The proceeds, after paying present expenses, go to repay his outlay, and if they should equal this amount he asks no more than the interest on his money. But it is generally thought he will be to some extent a loser. and that if he gets off with a deficit of $50,000 he will have purchased his "whistle" to very good purpose. His name is in every one's mouth; he has given a vast deal of pleasure, has done a great deal of good, and as he is reputed to be very wealthy and has no heirs, nobody will be injured by his munificence. The extent of the surface covered by this Exhibition is about one-third as large as that of the Crystal Palace, while the population which supplies the spectators not being more than one-ninth, the crowd is never even relatively so great as it was often seen at the Great Exhibition. Yet the attendance is fully as numerous in proportion to the population, for it ranges from 7,000 to 10,000 per day, whilst in London, except during the last few days, the numbers rarely exceeded 70,000. Then, our population is much poorer, whilst the price of admission is the same, one shilling each day, except Saturday, when it is *half a crown*, or two shillings and a half. A great proportion of our attendance is probably made up of season-ticket holders. Of these, the ladies pay one guinea, and the gentlemen two guineas for a ticket, and I believe there are as many as 6,000 altogether.

My American friends declared that the show was far beyond what they had expected; and the gentleman, who, by the way, is a genial, pleasant fellow, with a generous kindly feeling for the Abolitionists—though, I suspect, no fanatic himself—remarked that he thought the live portion of it was the best of the whole. He was struck with the crowd of fair and beautiful ladies—and it was indeed very remarkable. There were far more of them to be seen there that one evening, than I saw during my seven visits to the Crystal Palace. By which I was very much elevated in my own esteem, as we are apt to be by other matters that are no merit of ours. I am no beauty; but these ladies, likewise, are probably Irish. So that a certain halo of their beauty gathers round my bald brow, and gratifies and exalts me amazingly. Thus I glory in my rich relations—the talents of my friends—the bravery of our soldiers—the greatness of the empire—the virtues of her Majesty—the grandeur of our scenery—the number of our saints.

One of the youths of our party asked me whether there where any noblemen in the crowd. To which I could only plead ignorance, and declare I had seen very few of these creatures at any time. As they wear no badges, and dress just as other well-dressed people do, you have no means of finding them out, except by personal recognition. The English nobility have coronets and robes, which they wear a few times in their lives, on occasion of a coronation, or at the opening of a session of the House of Lords. If sported in the streets, or in ordinary society, I suppose every one would think they had lost their senses. There are probably a good many amongst you, as rich as this young traveller, who have very confused ideas of our nobility; who do not know they consist of a few hundred men, with titles, large possessions, and a few special privileges, who sit in the House of Lords, and form a branch of the legislature, in some degree resembling your Senate. That the sons and brothers of these peers, the Lord Johns, and Lord Georges, and so forth, are commoners in point of law, and have no privilege beyond that of their property or social position. That "the aristocracy" is a general term, including the nobility and gentry, titled and untitled, who hold the bulk of the land in their own hands, and have held it for ages, who dread all violent change, and in common with the very wealthy of all classes in the three kingdoms, have no great sympathy with any reforms except those that are forced upon them by the active, pushing, energetic, uneasy mercantile and trading portion of the community, which includes the great majority of the dissenters from the established church. That Episcopalianism is a march of gentility—that it is considered "low" to be a Dissenter. Throughout the revolutions in Europe in 1848, the apprehensions of this powerful and wealthy aristocracy were extreme—their sympathy was plainly on the side of the despots. Every error, every accidental excess on the popular side, was commented on with severity in the House of Lords, by the London *Times*, and by that large and influential portion of the public press in their interest. Since all these constitutions have been withdrawn, all the oaths of these perjured kings and potentates broken, and every guarantee of popular liberty trampled under foot or scattered to the winds, the perfidy, the cruelty, the baseness of these crowned malefactors have passed uncensured by the English nobility, with such small exceptions as to be unworthy of notice. The reason is plain. If Europe were free, flourishing, and happy, their privileges could stand but a very short time. If anything were gained by the continental people which the English have not, these would take it very soon. The exclusive position of the British aristocracy would soon be at an end if equality were the order of the day in Europe. Besides, every English nobleman travels with his family, and claims to be received at the continental courts; and if he had made himself conspicuous by any hearty sympathy with the oppressed subjects of any of these sovereigns, all hope of courteous reception, or of an embassy, or even of permission to travel, would be at an end. In England, where the people are advancing every day in social importance, in education, in the reform of abuses, and the amelioration of the laws, the nobility will withstand no more that they dare. But their sympathy for tyrants abroad has been as decided as all absence of disapprobation of their measureless tyranny could make it.

It is wonderful to what lengths your unprincipled party papers go in their attempts to show that our nobility are particularly demonstrative in their exhibition of Anti-Slavery principles, and are prompt to be the dear friends and companions of every coloured lecturer that comes over here. The number of the English aristocracy who care one straw for American Slavery, or have even pretended to care, is ridiculously small. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Carlisle, and Lady Byron are the most remarkable, and they are Anti-Slavery in virtue of their individuality. The Abolitionists are of no class, and are a very small body anywhere. They work not by numbers but by moral might. I saw Lady Byron grossly attacked in one of your infamous party papers a few days ago. By all who know anything of her she is far more honoured for her goodness than her husband ever will be for his rhymes. Her life is passed in privacy. Her time and her means are spent in doing good. She is a truly noble, high-minded woman, and the Abolitionists may congratulate themselves on having such an adherent.

This is a terribly rambling discursive account of our Exhibition, but I had nearly closed it without any reference to that which is, in my opinion, the most remarkable and the most hopeful portion of it. I allude to the manufactures displayed by the different Poor Law Unions, from the hands of the paupers supported in them. There are coarse cloths, boots and shoes, mats, nets, and a hundred useful and ornamental things, which indicate that habits of industry and the skill they cultivate are greatly on the increase in Ireland. Previous to the famine there was not a peasantry in Europe who had less knowledge or occasion for the useful arts than the Irish. The men were, to a great extent, clothed in cast off or second hand clothes, and the dress of the women was often very coarse and of the rudest kind. I speak of the poorest class. The rapid emigration now going on extends their ideas, rouses their hopes, and gives every man a prospect of comfort, plenty, and independence. The better food, the better pay, the greater cheapness of provisions are all hopeful elements in the present condition of our poor people. And the steady progress of industrial arts amongst both men and women cannot fail to accelerate the approach of better times.

Do you know that there is a good Anti-Slavery Society at Leeds, which has not been impeded on its work by the recent stay of our friend Sarah Pugh in those parts? Wilson Armistead, of Leeds, is a zealous labourer on the slaves' behalf; and among other good things he has done is the issue of 500,000 Anti-Slavery tracts, at his own risk and expense. Amongst these are included a new edition of Mr. Estlin's admirable "Brief Notice of the Abolition Movement in the United States," and a report of that capital speech of Garrison at the last New England Anti-Slavery Convention, in which he so clearly defines the platform of the American Society, and asserts that no man, no matter what his services to the cause, has a right to claim exemption from criticism of his conduct or opinions when his fellow-labourers think them open to exception. I was exceedingly glad to see this selection by this Society. It is a proof that the true labourers are sure to be recognised and their deserts to be acknowledged in the long run. They have long been under a cloud in England, and I, who am no great hoper, hail the dawning of a better day. In an extract in one of of your papers, it is said Mrs. Stowe was refused an interview with the Queen. In the first place, I do not believe she ever put herself in the way of being refused, and secondly, if she had done so, I don't believe the Queen would have refused her. It is a wretched thing to see American editors, impelled by their loyalty to Slavery, trying to depreciate one of the noblest ornaments of their country.

Your Correspondent,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

SUMMARY.

SUDDEN DEATH.—As the congregation of the Methodist Church at Camden, N. J., were rising from the attitude of prayer, last Sunday, it was noticed that a lady remained in a kneeling posture. Those near her gently gave her a nudge, but without effect; and a close examination revealed the fact that she was a corpse.—*Trenton American.*

A gentleman in New Haven, has caught in his garden since the 10th day of June, with twenty-four wide mouth bottles, partly filled with molasses and vinegar, *three bushels of flies, bugs, millers,* &c. The bottles were hung upon his garden fence. During the first seven days, the amount of flies, &c., caught, was forty-two solid quarts.

INCIDET OF SLAVERY.—A son of Mr. Ryan, aged fifteen yeaas, at Elizabethtown, Ky., was shockingly mangled on the 30th ult. by four bloodhounds which were kept for hunting fugitive slaves. The boy's left arm was nearly gnawed to pieces, and the flesh was torn from his right leg in several places, so as to expose the bone.

FOR EUROPE.—Among the passengers by the Arctic for Liverpool on Saturday, were Auguste Belmont, Charge to Belgium; Dan. D. Sickles, Secretary of Legation at London; W. A. Welch, Mr. Buchanan's Secretary; J. M. Daniel, late editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, Charge to Turin; Col. James Watson Webb, editor of *The Courier and Enquirer*; ex-Governor Jones, of Tennessee; Judge Jackson, Charge to Austria, and others.

THE HOTTEST.—A New Jersey paper says, "it was so hot during the late hot spell in Camden, that a woman was seen holding a frying pan out of a second story window cooking ham and eggs in the sun."

We have no doubt of it, knowing as we do that a certain railroad terminates in that town, and if it is not hot there, or somewhere else where that road or its owners terminate, we have forgot our geography and orthodoxy too.—*Tribune.*

DEATH WHILE ON THE WAY TO THE ALTAR.—A young man by the name of Edmund Slaterly, while on his way from Franklin to Milford, on Sunday week, to be married, met with a singular and fatal accident. He stopped at a well to water his horse, when the bucket fell into the well. He descended to obtain it, when the well caved in and buried him. He was a native of Ireland. His intended wife was accompanying him on the journey, when this singular death thus intervened to destroy their bright anticipations.—*Woonsocket (R. I.) Patriot,*

THE LAST MAN.—We gave an account, not long since, of a society of young men in Cincinnati, formed some twenty-five years ago, for an annual dinner. It was called "the Society of the Last Man." It was then mentioned that but two of the original members were living. Since that announcement one of these members, Mr. Tatem, has died, and Dr. Vattier becomes the sole survivor—"the Last Man." He is, according to his agreement, to dine alone on the next anniversary, with his six empty plates and chairs around him.

INROAD UPON THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—We have reason to believe that the Indian Department is busily engaged upon the rather serious state of affairs that has been allowed to grow up in certain localities of the Indian Territory west of the Missouri river, whereby unauthorized white persons in considerable numbers are settling on lands specially reserved for Indian uses. There seems to be no room for a question about the duty of the Government to maintain not only the Indian rights guarantied by treaty, but to keep the ungranted portions of the Indian Territory free from the intrusion of the whites.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

NEWSPAPERS.—Rev. Dr. Daniel Baker, of Texas, says he has travelled through a great many States, mixed with the people, conversed at the country fireside, and preached in the open forest as well as in the thronged city. Where he found newspapers he found intelligence, people whom he could talk or listen to with pleasure, and among whom his good work prospered. As a general thing, where a newspaper was not taken, he could tell it in the slovenliness of the household, the ignorance of the children, and the difference in civilization between those who do take newspapers and those who do not; that the traveller in the country will be pleased and entertained by the one, while he will despise the other, without knowing the cause to which the difference is attributable. [This is rather a different estimate of the value of newspapers from that of the "gentleman from Accoma," (Va.) as declared in Congress some years since.]

BATHING AT CAPE MAY.—The stretch of the beach is about two miles, looking South—Cape Henlopen, bearing about south-west, distant 13 miles, being the only land in sight, except Cape May, on which we are. At low water, the shoal water, ranging in depth from one to three feet, runs out about 150 yards, over which the waves break about waist high. Within the distance of 200 feet, it is perfectly safe for children, even. It is a sight worth coming to see—the bathing hour from 10 to 12. In the space of one-fifth or a quarter of a mile, opposite the village, in those frolicking billows, are say 1,500 persons bathing at once; all sorts and conditions of men; old men and maidens, young men and little children, in every description of motley dresses; each one busy with himself alone; rolling and tumbling and ducking in that pretty surf made on purpose.—*Cor. Times.*

WRONGS OF THE INDIAN.—The Pottawotamies now in Washington, have laid very serious charges before the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, against their attorneys, W. G. and G. W. Ewing and Walker, which charges Commissioner Moneypenny is promptly investigating. They gave a power of attorney to the above agents to recover back pay, stated by them to be due the tribe under certain treaties, and $30,000 was named as compensation. The bond, however, expressly stipulated that this was in no event to come out of the regular annuities. Last spring, these attorneys took $30,000 out of the government annuity, contrary to agreement, and for services never rendered. A deputation of the tribe has visited the President, who gave them a kind reception, cautioned them against future credulity, and promised a most thorough investigation, and assistance on the part of the government.

BLOOD UPON THE RAILWAY.—Since Railroad massacres are so frequent it is a matter of interest to know how many have happened lately. The gory figures are at hand. The following table gives the story for the last seven and the commencement of the eighth month of the present year:

Months.	No. of accidents.	Killed.	Wounded.
January,	12	25	40
February,	6	6	11
March,	14	24	62
April,	4	25	54
May,	8	54	49
June,	5	6	19
July,	11	8	22
Agust,	5	29	76
Total to Aug. 12.	65	177	333

Sixty-five casualities, a hundred and seventy-seven deaths, and three hundred and thirty-three injured! What a fearful story is this! And yet we see no reason why, before the year closes, the number will not be doubled.—*Salem Register.*

JOHN W. JONES is one of the most energetic coloured men in Southern New York. He is a hard fisted, hard-working, good natured, philanthropic man. He can do anything that any white man ever attempted to do in the shape of hard-labour. He is always ready to use his time or money in any benevolent enterprise, and pays no attention to the Fugitive Slave Law, when it is necessary to rescue a fellow being from the shackles of Slavery. He is also an excellent fireman, and promptly on hand to do his duty, when he is not prohibited, or kicked out of the Company like a dog because some *light coloured* gentry don't like to associate with *niggers* of superior intellect and character. He dropped into our office the other day and requested us to write down his name right over that of another gentleman, who had had his crased from our books, because the sentiments and character of the paper did not agree with him at all times.—*Elmira Repub.*

THE POTATO ROT.—From almost every direction we hear complaints of this scourge of the farmer. Near Newburyport, Mass., whole fields are lost. An exchange says:

"A farmer started with a load for Boston the other day, which he supposed to be good, and had not reached half the distance before he was convinced that they were worthless, and 'growing no better very fast,' and he accordingly turned them into a pasture and went home. Some fields have been ploughed up, without attempting to dig at all; and it is observed that in some instances the disease has spread to the squash vines, which are alike destroyed."

On Long Island the disease is very bad. Probably one third of the ground planted will never be dug. Some fields are partially and some entirely gone. Several farmers are ploughing up the ground without pretending to save any potatoes. Those in rich soil are the worst. The crop on the Island must be a very light one.

In Central New-York we hear the same complaint. The late hot weather and showers will not help the matter any.—*Tribune.*

EARLY RISING REQUIRED BY A WILL.—In the will of the late Mr. James Sergeant, of Leicester, is the following clause:

"As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in the morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, from 5 till 8 o'clock every morning from the 5th of April to the 10th of Oct., being three hours each day; and from 7 till 9 o'clock in the morning from the 10th of Oct., to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning; this is to be done for some years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property. Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united that can alone insure the fittest state for mental and bodily exertion."

VIRGIANA GIRLS.—The Richmond *Inquirer*, of a recent date, contains the following notice of a Virginia Girl, or, in its own language, "a meritorious lady of our acquaintance in Hanover County." "At the age of twenty she was a hearty, rosy-cheeked lass, full of life and industry. Seeking a prospect of making a disconsolate bachelor as happy as herself, she acquired a piece of land, with the view of having 'a local habitation.' A house was the next thing indispensable to her laudable ambition. She shouldered her axe, went to the woods, felled trees with her own hands, chopped the logs for the building, made shingles to cover it, nailed them on, and finished the house by lathing and plastering it herself. In a short time thereafter, she 'met,' she saw and conquered a deserving and industrious young man in the neighborhood. They were married, and the young couple commenced their married life in the neat cottage, the fruit of his wife's industry and the work of her own hands. All this occurred about the year 1835. Time has advanced, and she is now the happy mother of thirteen children, the youngest five months old, and he the happy and prosperous husband of a most industrious and estimable lady. What is it woman cannot accomplish when with earnestness she undertakes the task?"

TRAPPISTS.—This order of Monks has established a community in Iowa. They have secured sixteen hundred acres of the finest land in the State, and in the most beautiful part of the State. It is nearly all fenced in, and divided into fields and parks, varying from ten to fifty acres, the divisions being made something after the Irish fashion, of ditches quicked with osage orange.

They had sown, at the period of our visit, eighty acres of Indian corn, eighty of wheat, thirty of rye, and about eight or ten acres of potatoes. They had thirty or forty beautiful cows, and several hundred sheep and lambs. Nothing could surpass the order and taste displayed by these holy recluses, in the management of this princely domain. The community numbers fifty, of whom six are Priests; the others are mechanics, such as smiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, &c., &c., and labourers. The rule enjoins strict silence unless to strangers, and there are in the community men from the same neighborhood or district, who, for a period of five years never interchanged a word, until by my visit, they were brought together, and heard the sound of each others' voices answering our questions—*Tablet.*

UNCERTAIN PROPERTY.—Two gentlemen in one of the Southern States owned a Slave together. He was a valuable servant, a smart, industrious, and, withal, a genuine darkey. One of the owners, becoming straightened in circumstances, was obliged to sell his share in Tom. He was accordingly set up at auction. And after some attempt to sell him, Tom made a bid on his own book, and the auctioneer knocked him off (or rather half of him) to himself. Tom, evidently well satisfied with his bargain, stepped down from the auction block, when one of the bystanders accosted him:

"Tom, what did you buy half of yourself for? the other half belongs to somebody else, and you will be just as much a Slave as ever."

"Oh," says Tom, with a grin, "pretty good nigger—thought i'd have an interest in him!"

A short time afterwards, while Tom was sailing in a dory, the boat capsized and sunk, leaving him in a very critical condition. Being a strong fellow, he struck out for the shore, a long distance off, and after a hard struggle reached it almost exhausted. He had scarcely gained a foothold, when he met the same person who questioned him at the sale. The first salutation was—

"Come, Tom, now tell me how you came to bid off half of yourself the other day?"

"Well," says Tom, "I have just been thinking while I was out there in the river, what a fool I was *to lay out my money on such uncertain property as niggers.*"

TWO MEN KIDNAPPED.—On Saturday and Sunday two black men, recently from St. Louis, were missed, and suspicions were aroused that they had been kidnapped, as a man who claimed them as slaves had been here several days. On inquiry, it was ascertained that on Friday evening, they were seen at the Southern railroad depot, and were about consummating an arrangement with another black man to go to the country to work. On Monday morning, however, it was ascertained that the black man alluded to had been used as a decoy, and that the two men had been kidnapped through his instrumentality, and taken off to St. Louis. When the facts became fully known, our coloured, as well as also a portion of our white, population, was in a highly excited state, and parties of men started out in different directions to find the man who had the kidnapping done, as it was known he had remained in the city to avoid suspicion and pursuit. We believe he was not found, and it is probably well for him and the quiet of our city that he was not, far there is no telling what would have become of him had he fallen into the hands of twenty or thirty men, who were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and determined on inflicting "summary" punishment.

We cannot refrain from again cautioning persons against attempting to take runaway slaves in this city. Even if they succeed, it is attended with much danger and expense. Our black population are generally "armed to the teeth," and they feel that public sentiment sustains *them* in resisting all attempts against their liberty. Whether they think justly or not, is not of much consequence. Certain it is, however, that there is in the hearts of our citizens no sympathy for the slave hunter, but a vast deal for the slave; and every attempt to kidnap or carry off any black person to Slavery, under the Fugitive Law, tends to deepen that sentiment and make it stronger than statutary enactments. We speak freely, for it is but right that there should be no misapprehension in a matter so important.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MARRIAGES.

NICHOL—PEASE.—At Darlington, England, in the Independent Chapel, on the 6th of July, by the Rev. Dr. Robert Leed of Edinburgh, Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, to Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington.

DEATHS.

MENDENHALL.—In Pennsbury township, near Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa., on the 18th instant, of typhoid fever, ANNA MENDENHALL, daughter of Isaac and Dinah Mendenhall, aged about 21 years. This event has awakened heartfelt sorrow in many hearts beside those of the stricken parents and afflicted relatives. For her generosity, her unselfishness, her fidelity in every relation of life, her truthfulness, her unswerving devotion to the cause of the poor and the oppressed, she was widely and ardently beloved.

"The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book."

Before her illness she was looking forward with bright anticipations of enjoyment in attending the Temperance and Woman's Rights Conventions soon to be held in New York, to the first of which she had been appointed a delegate by the Kennett Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends. Death, though coming suddenly, had for her no terrors. She spoke calmly of the event, and dictated several letters to her young friends after she was unable to use the pen. The last labour of her hands was a work of charity for a poor coloured child.

"To gaze upon the loved in death,
To mark the closing, beamless eye,
To press dear lips and find no breath—
This, this is life's worst agony!
But God, too merciful, too wise,
To leave the lorn ones in despair,
Whispers, while snatching those we prize,
'My kingdom come!—Ye'll meet them there!'"

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are hereby notified that a semi-annual meeting of the Society will be held at SYRACUSE, N. Y., in Wieting's Hall, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Sept. 29th and 30th. As this is designed for the special accommodation of our Western coadjutors, as well as for the furtherance of our cause generally, it is hoped that a full representation will be present, in the spirit and with the zeal of primitive Abolitionism. Every effort will be made by the friends in Syracuse to give a hospitable reception, as far as practicable, to those who may come from a distance. There will be no lack of able and eloquent speakers. The first meeting of the series will be held on THURSDAY, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
EDMUND QUINCY, S. H. GAY, } Secretaries.

JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.

At Syracuse, October 1, 1853—Second Anniversary.

THE Second Anniversary of the Rescue of the man Jerry, from the hands of Kidnappers, at Syracuse, on the first day of October, 1851, will be duly celebrated in this city, on Saturday, the first day of October next.

The invitation is to all lovers of justice and kindness throughout the land. That Rescue was the most signal and emphatic vindication of the absolute supremacy of law that has ever occurred in America. Its beneficent influence, in awakening kind and genial sympathy in man for his fellow-man, enduring wrong unutterable, is beyond human computation. It is a bright star of hope to the oppressed in all the nations of the earth. It is the key-note to the Song of Universal Freedom. It is an exemplification—worthy of imitation on every spot on this broad earth—of the glorious American doctrine, that "*Resistance to Tyrants is obedience to God.*"

W. L. CRANDAL, THOMAS W. WHITE, JOSEPH SAVAGE, LYDIA SAVAGE,
J. W. LOGUEN, JAMES FULLER, ELIZA FILKINS, *Committee.*
Syracuse, August 15, 1853.

Fourteenth Thousand now Ready.

Twelve Years a Slave!!

"Truth Stranger than Fiction."

"IT is a singular coincidence, that Solomon Northup was carried to a plantation in the Red River country—that same region where the scene of Uncle Tom's captivity was laid—and his account of this plantation, and the mode of life there, and some incidents which he describes form a striking parallel to that history.—*Mrs. Stowe, in her "Key," p.* 174.

THE Narrative of SOLOMON NORTHUP, a citizen of New York, kidnapped in Washington City in 1831, and rescued from a Cotton Plantation near the Red River, in Louisiana.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Solomon in his Plantation Suit.
Scene in a Slave Pen at Washington.
Separation of Eliza and her Last Child.
Chapin rescues Solomon from Hanging.
The Staking-out and Flogging of the girl Patsey.
Scene in the Cotton Field.
Arrival Home, and first Meeting with his Wife and Children.

One handsome 12 *mo. volume,* 350 *pages,* - - - $1,00

READ WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY.

The narrative will be read with interest by every one who can sympathize with a human being struggling for freedom.—*Buff. Cour.*

The volume cannot fail to gain a wide circulation. It will be read extensively both at the North and South. No one can contemplate the scenes which are here so naturally set forth, without a new conviction of the hideousness of the institutions from which the subject of the narrative has happily escaped.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What a tale it tells; what inexpressible reproofs against Slavery; what occasion for shame and tears on the part of all. We think the story as affecting as any tale of sorrow could be. We believe its perusal will not only excite an absorbing interest, but minister powerfully to the sound, intelligent Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Next to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the extraordinary Narrative of Solomon Northup, is the most remarkable book that was ever issued from the American Press. Indeed it is even a more extraordinary work than that, because it is only a simple unvarnished tale of the experience of an American freeman of the "blessings" of Slavery, while Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom is only an ingenious and powerful wrought novel, intended to illustrate what Solomon saw and experienced, Southern Slavery in its various phases.—*Detroit Trib.*

We hope it will be universally read. If we do not sadly err, it will prove of vast service in the great cause of Freedom. If there are those who can peruse it unmoved we pity them. That it will create as great a sensation, and be regarded equally as interesting as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' is not a question for argument. In our opinion it will lead that wonderful work in the popular opinion, and in the aggregate of sales.—*Buff. Express.*

This is one of the most exciting narratives, full of thrilling incidents artlessly told, with all the marks of truth. Such a tale is more powerful than any fiction which can be conceived and elaborated. There are no depicted scenes in Uncle Tom more tragic, horrible, and pathetic, than the incidents compassed in the twelve years of this man's life in Slavery.—*Cin. Jour.*

He who with an unbiassed mind sits down to the perusal of this book, will arise perfectly satisfied that American Slavery is a hell of torments yet untold, and feel like devoting the energies of his life to its extirpation from the face of God's beautiful earth.—*Eve. Chron.*

It is one of the most effective books against Slavery that ever was written. 'Archy Moore' and 'Uncle Tom' are discredited by many as 'romances;' but how the apologists for the institution can dispose of Northup we are curious to see—*Syracuse Jour.*

It is a strange history, its truth is far stronger than fiction. Think of it! For thirty years *a man*, with all a man's hopes, fears and aspirations—with a wife and children to call him by the endearing names of husband and father—with a home, humble it may be, but still a *home*, beneath the shelter of whose roof none had a right to molest or make him afraid—then for twelve years *a thing*, a chattel personal, classed with mules and horses and treated with less consideration than they, torn from his home and family, and the free labour by which he earned their bread, and driven to unremitting, unrequited toil in a cotton field, under a burning southern sun, by the lash of an inhuman master. Oh! it is horrible. It chills the blood to think that such are.—*Fred. Douglass's Paper.*

It comes before us with highly respectable vouchers, and is a plain and simple statement of what happened to the author while in bondage to southern masters. While we concede to the South all the privileges in respect to Slavery which are guaranteed to them by the constitution we are free to speak of its evils; and when particular instances of inhuman treatment of slaves come to our notice we shall remark upon them as we please. It is a well told story, full of interest, and may be said to be the reality of 'life among the lowly.'—*Buff. Com. Adv.*

Let it be read by all those good easy souls, who think Slavery is, on the whole, a good thing. Let it be read by all who think that although Slavery is politically and economically a bad thing, it is not very bad for the slaves. Let it be read by all those M. C.'s and supporters who are always ready to give their votes, in aid of Slavery and the slave trade with all the kidnapping inseparable from it. Let it be read, too, by our southern friends, who pity with so much christian sensibility, the wretched condition of the free negroes at the North, and rejoice at the enviable condition of their own slaves.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Published by
DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, N. Y.
DERBY, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Buffalo.

Copies sent by mail (*post paid*) on receipt of price, Publishers of Newspapers, giving the above one insertion previous to January, 1854, will be furnished with a copy, postage paid, on forwarding their paper (*marked*) to
3t. DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, N. Y.

TWENTIETH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

To be held in Boston, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1853.

THE Managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR, in once more addressing their friends and fellow-labourers, for the purpose of entreating a warmer sympathy and a more effective co-operation in their proposed movement, beg leave to submit a few suggestions which they trust may have a tendency to produce that result.

Twenty years have passed away since the first Fair to aid in the Abolition of American Slavery was held in the City of Boston. Twenty years of labour and effort, and still we remain a slaveholding nation, our first word of repentance in a national capacity yet to be uttered, our first work of mercy yet to be done. But have these labours and efforts, of which we may, properly enough, just now, consider this Bazaar an exponent, accomplished nothing? Only the childishly thoughtless or the wilfully false can venture to reply in the negative.

The battle has not been won; it has not even been fought; but the outposts have been carried, and the field, with its embattled hosts, lies plainly before us. Massacre of the Masters, slaves contented and happy, amalgamation of Races, Colonisation, and similar fallacies—these are the refuges of lies which the Abolitionists have swept away, and the issue between them and their opponents is narrowed to the simple question of material success and self-interest. The creed of the Pro-Slavery party is expressed in two lines,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The blood-cemented prosperity which should be its shame, is coolly adduced, in argument, as ample justification for continuance in crime.

Hence, no talk of *Gradualism* now obstructs our way. Kindly propositions in its behalf, from distant friends of the slave, ignorant of the essential diabolism which is the animating spirit of the Slave institution of this country, meet, from the Slaveholding South and Pro-Slavery North alike, as bitter and unscrupulous an opposition as was ever meted out to the most energetic demand ever made for Immediate Abolition. The slaveholders understand perfectly that the concessions of marriage, family ties, the Bible, are, in effect, emancipation. They have never been granted where men were held as property, for the very good reason that any such concession lays the axe to the root of so audacious and abominable a claim.

So many sophistries and fallacies being removed, the Abolitionists then may congratulate themselves that they are now in direct collision with the consciences and hearts of the people. In many respects, their chance of success is better than ever before. Another generation is entering upon the duties and responsibilities of life, who, however thoughtless and indifferent to the great question of their age, are not and cannot be as were their fathers when it first met *them*, "in darkness that might be felt," and cased in such armour of prejudice, that Truth herself might well nigh deem them invincible.

The leaders, too, of the Pro-Slavery hosts, alike in the State and the Church, are, day by day, called from their unholy warfare to give their account for the deeds done in the body, and, mercifully, to a very considerable extent, their inhuman influence dies with them. Men may mourn when the confessors of Truth and Mercy depart, but their mantles fall on others; but when the Statesmen who have voted for, and the Ministers who have preached for, the Fugitive Slave Bill, are summoned hence, a crowd of the weak and wavering, who would not have been so base and cruel but for the influence of a firmer and superior mind, breathe freer, are measurably released from their thraldom and rendered accessible to better influences.

The signs of the times abroad as well as at home offer tokens of encouragement. In foreign lands, an agitation has been aroused which will never, we trust, again slumber. Christendom owes it to the name by which it is called to rally on this question. There has never been so vast a one submitted to its consideration; but, God be thanked, its simplicity is equal to its magnitude, and Monarchist and Republican, Catholic and Protestant, nay, though we have spoken of Christendom, Heathendom itself may see written, as with letters of light, on the Heavens, that it is indeed "a wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man," and doubly wild and doubly guilty when this phantasy controls the sentiment and shapes the action of a great and self-governing nation.

Apart from these and other general causes of encouragement, the Managers of the Bazaar, and those co-operating with them, may find special stimulus to exertion in the fact that the present arrangements of the American Anti-Slavery Society are such as to render an increased success of this undertaking more desirable, we might almost say imperative, than ever before.

The Receipts of the Bazaar are devoted to the sustentation of the Parent Society and its organ, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, in the City of New York. There, in the very focus of pro-slavery opposition, a banner in behalf of the perishing slave has been raised, and its triumph will be in some measure commensurate with the supplies that this movement may be enabled to furnish.

The details of the Bazaar are so well understood that we feel any particular specifications unnecessary.

We cordially invite the assistance of every lover of Freedom, pledging ourselves to all such for a conscientious fulfilment of all the duties that our present position imposes on us.

Donations of any kind, either in manufactured articles, materials for manufacture or money, will be gratefully received by any of the Managers whose names and addresses are subjoined, or any further information that may be requested will be cheerfully given.

Anne Warren Weston, Weymouth, Mass.
Ann Greene Phillips, Essex street, Boston.
Helen E. Garrison, 8 Dix Place, Boston.
Louisa Loring, 27 State street, Boston.
Mary May, 4 Franklin Place, Boston.
Sarah Russell May, Leicester, Mass.
Maria Weston Chapman, care of Messrs. Green & Co., Paris, France.
Caroline Weston, " "
Mary Gray Chapman.
Henrietta Sargent, 156 Tremont street, Boston.
Frances Mary Robbins, Brush Hill, Milton.
Eliza Lee Follen.
Susan C. Cabot.
Thankful Southwick, Danvers, Mass.
Sarah H. Southwick, Portland, Maine.
Caroline F. Williams, 75 Southac street, Boston.
Mary H. Jackson, 1071 Washington street, Boston.
Elizabeth Gay, 142 Nassau street, New York.
Charlotte S. Sargent, 70 Dover street, Boston.
Sarah S. Russell, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Mass.
Sarah Blake Shaw.
Eliza F. Eddy, 7 Hollis street, Boston.
E. C. Von Arnim, 18 South street, Boston.
Mary Willey.
Evelina A. S. Smith, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Mass.
Ann Rebecca Bramhall, 47 Milk street, Boston.
Lydia Parker, Exeter Place, Boston.
Maria Lowell, Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass.
Abby Francis, " "

The Man of a Thousand Years.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.
A True Life.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

This thrilling work is the biography of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. His deeds of philanthropy and mercy, covering a period of nearly four-score years, endeared him not only to the thousands who were the immediate participants of his beneficence, but to all who knew him.

His was a charity the most expansive. It was not confined to the *popular* channels of the day, but exerted itself among the most degraded and abandoned, regardless of colour or condition. In the cities of Philadelphia and New York, where his active life was mostly spent, thousands upon thousands can bear testimony to his nobleness of soul, and his entire devotion to the interests of suffering humanity.

With truth he may be called the HOWARD OF AMERICA. MRS. CHILD having spent several years in his family, and being perfectly familiar with his history, of all others, was the person to write "A TRUE LIFE" of the noble man, and her task has been performed in her best manner.

"A TRUE LIFE" *indeed* was the life of ISAAC T. HOPPER, and MRS. CHILD has presented it *truly*. Scarcely a citizen of Philadelphia or New York but was familiar with his form and features, as he was seen from day to day tripping through the great thoroughfares and threading the narrow lanes and by-ways, searching out the wayward and the wandering, that he might rescue them from crime and degradation, and administer comfort and solace and heavenly charities to the distressed and suffering. The poor, hunted, fugitive slave found in him a friend ever ready and never weary.

We intend to publish this work early in August. It will make an elegant 12mo. of about 500 pages, with a full length portrait and a medallion likeness, on steel, of Mr. Hopper. Retail price, $1.25, bound in cloth.

At the time of the death of the venerable and excellent man, numerous notices appeared in papers of all parties and sects. We make a few extracts:

From the New York Observer.

The venerable Isaac T. Hopper, whose placid, benevolent face has so long irradiated almost every public meeting for doing good, and whose name, influence and labours have been devoted with an apostolic simplicity and constancy to humanity, died on Friday last, at an advanced age. He was a Quaker of that early sort illustrated by such philanthropists as Anthony Benezet, Thomas Clarkson, Mrs. Fry, and the like.

He was a most self-denying, patient, loving friend of the poor, and the suffering of every kind; and his life was an unbroken history of beneficence. Thousands of hearts will feel a touch of grief at the news of his death; for few men have so large a wealth in the blessings of the poor, and the grateful remembrance of kindness and benevolence, as he.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Isaac T. Hopper was a man of remarkable endowments, both of head and heart. His clear discrimination, his unconquerable will, his total unconsciousness of fear, his extraordinary tact in circumventing plans he wished to frustrate, would have made him illustrious as the general of an army; and these qualities might have become faults if they had not been balanced by an unusual degree of conscientiousness and benevolence. He battled courageously, not from ambition, but from an inborn love of truth. He circumvented as adroitly as the most practised politician; but it was always to defeat the plans of those who oppressed God's poor—never to advance his own self-interest.

Farewell, thou brave and kind old Friend! The prayers of ransomed ones ascended to Heaven for thee, and a glorious company have welcomed thee to the Eternal City.

On a plain block of granite, at Greenwood Cemetery, is inscribed:

ISAAC T. HOPPER,
BORN DECEMBER 3D, 1771,
ENDED HIS PILGRIMAGE MAY 7TH, 1852.

"Thou henceforth shalt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind."

We shall publish 5,000 copies for the first edition. Early orders from the trade are solicited. It is a book which will have an immense sale, scarcely inferior to the sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin, for in thrilling interest it is not behind that world-renowned tale.

JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Boston, July, 1853. jy 30

Miscellaneous Department.

WORDSWORTH, KEATS, AND CHARLES LAMB, AFTER DINNER AT HAYDON'S.

[The *Literary Gazette* supplies us (says the *Literary World*) with these anecdotes, from Haydon's Diaries. The dinner in his rooms, with the "Entry into Jerusalem" on the wall, was given in 1817, for the purpose of introducing Keats to Wordsworth; the party consisted of Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats, and Monkhouse, his friend.]

A FEW literary reminiscences. Here is one of Wordsworth:

"*May 23rd*.—Breakfasted with Wordsworth, and spent a delightful two hours. Speaking of Burke, Fox, and Pitt, he said, 'you always went from Burke with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the better reason. Pitt,' he said, 'preferred power to principle.'

"I say it is not so. Pitt at a crisis of danger, sacrificed his consistency for the sake of his sovereign and country. What is more just?

"Wordsworth has one, and perhaps the greatest part, of the great genius; but he has not the *lucidus ordo*, and he undervalues it, which is wrong. In phrenological development, he is without constructiveness, and imagination is as big as an egg."

Of Keats we have the following, showing how ably Haydon could criticise in others, the faults which he possessed himself:

"About this time I met John Keats at Leigh Hunt's, and was amazingly interested by his prematurity of intellectual and poetical power. I read one or two of his sonnets, and formed a very high idea of his genius. After a short time I liked him so much that a general invitation on my part followed, and we became extremely intimate. He visited my painting-room at all times, and at all times was welcome. He was below the middle size, with a low forehead, and an eye that had an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions. The greatest calamity for Keats was his being brought before the world by a set who had so much the habit of puffing each other, that every one connected with it suffered in public estimation. Hence every one was inclined to disbelieve his genius. After the first criticism in the 'Quarterly,' somebody from Dartmouth sent him £25. I told Mrs. Hoppner this, and begged her to go to Gifford, and endeavour to prevent his assault on Endymion. She told me she found him writing with his green shade before his eyes, totally insensible to all reproach or entreaty. 'How can you, Gifford, dish up in this dreadful manner, a youth who has never offended you?' 'It has done him good,' replied Gifford: 'he has had £25 from Devonshire.' Mrs. Hoppner was extremely intimate with Gifford, and she told me she had a great mind to snatch the manuscript from the table, and throw it in the fire. She left Gifford in a great passion, but without producing the least effect. * * *

"Keats was the only man I ever met with who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling, except Wordsworth. Byron and Shelley were always sophisticated about nothing. He had made up his mind to do great things, and when he found that by his connection with the *Examiner* clique he had brought upon himself an overwhelming outcry of unjust aversion, he shrank up into himself; his diseased tendencies showed themselves, and he died a victim to mistakes on all hands, alike on the part of enemies and friends."

Of Charles Lamb, or, as he wittily signed himself, Carolagnulus, there are several interesting anecdotes:

"I wrote to Lamb, and told him the address was '22, Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's, half way up, right hand corner.' I received his characteristic reply.

"My dear Haydon,

"'I will come with pleasure to 22, Lisson Grove, North, at Rossi's half way up, right hand side, if I can find it.

"'Yours,

"'C. LAMB.

"'20, Russell Court,
Convent Garden East,
half way up, next the corner,
left hand side.'

"On December 28th, the immortal dinner came off, in my painting-room, with Jerusalem towering up behind us as a background. Wordsworth was in fine cue, and we had a glorious set-to—on Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Virgil. Lamb got exceedingly merry, and exquisitely witty; and his fun in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory, was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. Lamb soon got delightfully merry. He made a speech and voted me absent, and made them drink my health. 'Now,' said Lamb, 'you old lake poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?' We all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull. 'Well,' said Lamb, 'here's Voltaire—the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too.' He then, in a strain of humour beyond description, abused me for putting Newton's head into my picture—'a fellow,' said he, 'who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle.' And then he and Keats agreed he had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow, by reducing it to the prismatic colours. It was impossible to resist him, and we all drank 'Newton's health, and confusion to mathematics.' It was delightful to see the good humour of Wordsworth, in giving in to all our frolics without affectation, and laughing as heartily as the best of us.

"By this time other friends joined, amongst them poor Ritchie, who was going to penetrate by Fezzan to Timbuctoo. I introduced him to all as 'a gentleman going to Africa.' Lamb seemed to take no notice; but all of a sudden he roared out, 'Which is the gentleman we are going to lose?' We then drank the victim's health, in which Ritchie joined. In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come.

"When we retired to tea, we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth, I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, 'Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?' Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, 'Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not.' 'Oh,' said Lamb, 'then you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles, my dear Charles,' said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the comptroller said, 'Don't you think Newton a great genius?' I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, 'who is this?' Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said, 'Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?' He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the comptroller he chaunted—

"'Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on.'

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, 'I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth.' 'With me, sir?' said Wordsworth; 'not that I remember.' 'Don't you, sir? I am a comptroller of stamps.' There was a dead silence; the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sang out—

"'Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle.'

My dear Charles,' said Wordsworth.

"'Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,'

chaunted Lamb; and then rising, exclaimed, 'Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs.' Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcileable. We soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good natured man, we parted all in good humour, and no ill effects followed. All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, we could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room, and calling at intervals, 'Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more.'

"It was, indeed, an immortal evening, Wordsworth's fine intonation as he quoted Milton and Virgil, Keats' eager inspired look, Lamb's quaint sparkle of lambent humour so speeded the stream of conversation, that in my life I never passed a more delightful time. All our fun was within bounds. Not a word passed that an apostle might not have listened to. It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age, and my solemn Jerusalem flashing up by the flame of the fire, with Christ hanging over us like a vision, all made up a picture which will long glow upon—

"'that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.'

Keats made Ritchie promise he would carry his Endymion to the great desert of Sahara, and fling it in the midst.

"Poor Ritchie went to Africa, and died, as Lamb foresaw, in 1819. Keats died in 1821, at Rome. C. Lamb is gone, joking to the last. Monkhouse is dead, and Wordsworth and I are the only two living (1841) of that glorious party."

RESPONSE

OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES M. D.

To the following Toast, proposed at the Entertainment given to the American Medical Association, by the Physicians of the City of New York, at Metropolitan Hall, on the 5th of May, 1853.

TOAST.—"The union of Science and Literature—a happy marriage, the fruits of which are nowhere seen to better advantage than in our American *Holmes*."

I hold a letter in my hand—
A flattering letter—more's the pity—
By some contriving junto planned,
And signed *per order of Committee;*
It touches every tender spot—
My patriotic predilections—
My well-known—something—don't ask what—
My poor old songs—my kind affections:

They make a feast on Thursday next,
And hope to make the feasters merry—
They own they're something more perplext
For poets than for port and sherry;
They want the men of—(word torn out);
Our friends will come with anxious faces,
(To see our blankets off, no doubt,
And trot us out and show our paces.)

They hint that papers by the score
Are rather musty kind of rations:
They don't exactly mean a bore,
But only trying to the patience;
That such as—you know who I mean—
Distinguished for their—what dy'e call 'em—
Should bring the dews of Hippocrene
To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

—The same old story; that's the chaff
To catch the birds that sing the ditties;
Upon my soul it makes me laugh—
To read these letters from Committees!
They're all *so* loving and *so* fair—
All for *your* such kind compunction—
'Twould save your carriage half its wear
So grease the wheels with such an unction!

Why, who am I, to lift me here
And beg such learned folk to listen—
To ask a smile or coax a tear
Beneath these stoic lids to glisten?
—As well might some arterial thread
Ask the whole frame to feel it gushing,
While throbbing fierce from heel to head
The vast aortic tide was rushing.

As well some hair-like nerve might strain
To set its special streamlet going,
While through the myraid-channeled brain
The burning flood of thought was flowing—
Or trembling fibre strive to keep
The springing haunches gathered shorter,
While the scourged racer, leap on leap,
Was stretching through the last hot quarter!

Ah me! you take the bud that came
Self-sown in your poor garden's borders,
And hand it to the stately dame
That florists breed for, all she orders;
She thanks you—it was kindly meant—
(*A pale affair not worth the keeping*—)
Good morning—and your bud is sent
To join the tea leaves used for sweeping.

No always so, kind hearts and true—
For such I know are round me beating—
Is not the bud I offer you—
Fresh gathered for the hour of meeting—
Pale though its outer leaves may be,
Rose-red in all the inner petals,
Where the warm life we cannot see—
The life of love that gave it, settles?

We meet from regions far away,
Like rills from distant mountains streaming;
The sun is on Francisco's bay
O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleaming:
While summer skirts the still bayou
With every leaf that makes it brighter,
Monadnock sees the sky grow blue,
And clasps his crystal bracelet tighter.

Yet Nature bears the self-same heart
Beneath her russet-mantled bosom,
As where, with burning lips apart
She breathes, and white magnolias blossom;
Aye! many a cheek is kindled here
With morning's fire as richly laden
As ever Sultan of Cachemire
Kissed from a sun-enameled maiden!

I give you *Home!* its crossing lines
United in one golden suture,
And showing everyday that shines
The present growing to the future—
A flag that bears *a hundred* stars,
In one bright ring, with love for centre,
Fenced round with white and crimson bars,
No prowling treason dares to enter!

O, brothers, home may be a word
To make affection's living treasure—
The wave an angel might have stirred—
A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure;
HOME! It is where the day star springs
And where the evening sun reposes,
Where'er the eagle spreads his wings
From northern pines to southern roses!

GALLEO.

HIS CONDEMNATION AND ABJURATION.

THAT the eminent astronomer Galileo [remarks the *Tribune*] was constrained by the Roman Inquisition of his day to recant and abjure the doctrine, now abundantly demonstrated and universally received, that the Sun is the centre of our planetary system and the Earth one among several orbs periodically revolving around that centre, has been very widely credited, but not fully admitted. We have repeatedly met assertions that when the Inquisition condemned was not the abstract doctrine of Copernicus and Galileo, but the presumptuous attempts of the latter to base it upon and establish it by texts of Scripture. We feel obliged, therefore, to the friend who has sent us, in *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* for February, 1802, a literal translation of the Sentence actually passed on Galileo by the Papal Inquisitors, together with his Abjuration therein exacted. The Magazine affirms that this Sentence had never before appeared in English save in a provincial newspaper a few years before, and that the authenticity and accuracy of the following translation may be relied on. The intrinsic evidence of such authenticity is very decisive. It seems to us that this sentence may profitably be pondered, not alone by champions of Papal infallibility, but by all those who regard dissent from the interpretations of Scripture insisted on by the canons of their respective sects as synonymous with Infidelity. Read and consider!

SENTENCE PASSED UPON GALILEO, BY THE COURT OF INQUITITION, WITH HIS ABJURATION.

We, Gasper, of the title of Holy Cross of Jerusalem-Borgia, brother Felix Certinus, of the title of St. Anastatia, surnamed of Asculum.

Guidus, of the title of St. Mary of the people, Bentivolus, brother Desiderius Scaglia, of the title of St. Charles, surnamed of Cremona.

Brother Antonius Barbarinus, surnamed of St. Onuphrius, Landivius Zacchia, of the title of St. Peter in Vinculis, surnamed of St. Sixtus.

Berlingerius, of the title of St. Augustin Gyposius.

Fabricius of St. Lawrence.

Francis of St. Lawrence.

Martin, of the new St. Mary and Ginethis, Deacons by the mercy of God, Cardinals of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and specially deputed by the Holy Apostolical See as inquisitors general against heretical perverseness throughout the whole Christian Commonwealth:

Whereas you, Galileo, son of the late Vincent Galileo, of Florence, being seventy years of age, had a charge brought against you, in the year 1615, in this holy office, that you held as true an erroneous opinion held by many, namely: That the sun is in the centre of the world, and immovable, and that the earth moves even with a diurnal motion; also that you had certain scholars into whom you instilled the same doctrine; also, that you maintained a correspondence on this point with certain mathematicians of Germany; also, that you published certain epistles, treating of the solar spots, in which you explained the same doctrine as true, because you answered to the objections which, from time to time, were brought against you, taken from the Holy Scriptures, by glossing over the said scripture according to your own sense; and that afterward, when a copy of a writing, in the form of an epistle, written by you to a certain late scholar of yours, was presented to you (it following the hypothesis of Copernicus), you stood up for, and defended, certain propositions in it, which are against the true sense and authority of the Holy Scripture.

The holy tribunal desiring, therefore, to provide against the inconveniences and mischiefs, which have issued hence, and increased, to the danger of our holy faith; agreeable to the mandate of lord N——, and the very eminent doctors, cardinals of this supreme and universal inquisition, two propositions respecting the immobility of the sun and the motion of the earth, were adopted and pronounced, as under:

That the sun is in the centre of the world, and immoveable in respect of local motion, is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and formally heretical, seeing it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture.

The earth is not the centre of the world, nor immoveable, but moves even with a diurnal motion, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and, considered theologically, is at least an error in faith.

But, whereas we thought fit in the interim to proceed gently with you, it was agreed upon in the holy congregation held before D. N., on the 25th day of February, 1616, that the most eminent lord cardinal Bellarmine should injoin you entirely to recede from the aforesaid false doctrine; and, on your refusal, it was commanded, by the commissary of the holy office, that you should recant the said false doctrine, and should not teach it to others, nor defend it, nor dispute concerning it; to which command if you would not submit, that you should be cast into prison; and, in order to put into execution the same decree, the following day you were gently admonished in the palace before abovesaid most eminent lord cardinal Bellarmine, and afterward by the same lord cardinal, and by the commissary of the holy office, a notary and witnesses being present, entirely to desist from the said erroneous opinion; and that thereafter it should not be permitted you to defend it, or teach it, in any manner, either by speaking or writing; and, whereas you promised obedience, you were at that time dismissed.

And to the end that such a pernicious doctrine might be entirely extirpated away, and spread no farther to the grievious detriment of the Catholic verity, a decree was issued by the holy congregations *Indicis*, prohibiting the printing of books, which treat of such sort of doctrine, which was therein pronounced false, and altogether contrary to holy divine Scripture. But the same book has since appeared at Florence, published in the year last past, the inscription of which showed that you were its author, as the title was, "A Dialogue of Galileo Galilei," concerning the two principal systems of the world, the Ptolemaic and the Copernican, as the holy congregation, recognising from the impression of the aferesaid book, that the false opinion concerning the motion of the earth—and the immobility of the sun—prevailed daily more and more: the aforesaid book was diligently examined, when we openly discovered the transgression of the aforesaid command, before enjoined you; seeing that in the same book you had resumed and defended the aforesaid opinion already condemned and in your presence declared to be erroneous; because, in the said book, by various circumlocutions, you earnestly endeavour to persuade, that it is left by you undecided, and, at the least probable, which must necessarily be a grievous error, since an opinion can by no means be probable which hath already been declared and adjudged contrary to divine scripture.

Wherefore you have, by our authority, been summoned to this our holy office, in which being examined you have on oath acknowledged the said book was written and printed by you: And have also confessed that, about ten or twelve years ago, after the injunction had been given you as above, the said book was begun to be written by you. Also, that you petitioned for license to publish it, but without signifying to those who gave you such license, that it had been prohibited you by any means to maintain, defend, or teach such doctrines.

You likewise confessed that the writing of the aforesaid book was so composed in many places, that the reader might think the arguments adduced on the false part, calculated rather to perplex the understandings by their weight, than be easily resolved; excusing yourself, by saying, you had fallen into an error so foreign from your intention (as you declared), because you had handled the subject in the form of a dialogue, and because of the natural complaisance, which every one hath in maintaining his own arguments; and in showing himself more acute than others, in defending even false propositions by ingenious deductions, and of apparent probability.

And, when a time was assigned you for making your defence, you produced a certificate under the handwriting of the most eminent lord cardinal Bellarmine, procured, as you said, in order to defend yourself against the calumnies of your enemies, who everywhere gave it out, that you had abjured, and had been punished by the holy office, in which certificate it is said, that you had not abjured, nor had been punished, but only that a declaration had been filed against you, drawn up by the said lord, and formally issued by the holy congregation *Indicis*, in which it is declared that the doctrine concerning the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun is contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and therefore can neither be defended nor maintained.—Wherefore, seeing no mention was then made of two particulars of the mandate, namely, (*docere & quovis modo*), 'teaching, and by any means,' we judge that in the course of fourteen or sixteen years, they had slipt out of your memory, and for the same reason you were silent respecting the mandate when you petitioned for a license to print your book! and yet this was said by you not to maintain, or obstinately persist in your error, but as proceeding from vain ambition, and not perverseness. But this very certificate, produced in your defence, rather tends to make your excuse look worse, because in it is declared that the aforesaid opinion is contrary to the holy scripture, and yet you have dared to treat of it as a matter of dispute, and defend and teach it as probable; nor dees the license itself favour you, seeing it was deceitfully and artfully obtained by you, as you did not produce the mandate imposed on you.

And whereas it appeared to us that the whole truth was not expressed by you concerning your intention, we have judged it necessary to come to a more accurate examination of the business, in which (without prejudice to those things which you have confessed, and which have been brought against you as above, respecting your said intention) you have answered as a penitent and good Catholic. Wherefore we, having maturely considered the merits of your cause, together with your above said confessions and defence, are come to the underwritten definitive sentence against you:

Having invoked the most holy name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of his most glorious mother, the ever blessed Virgin Mary, we, by this our definitive sentence, by the advice and judgment of the most reverend masters of holy theology, and the doctors of both laws, our counselors respecting the cause and causes controverted before us, between the magnificent Charles Sincerus, Doctor of both laws, Fiscal procorator of this holy office, on the one part, and you Galileo Galilei, defendant, questioned, examined, and having confessed, as above, on the other part, we say, judge and declare, by the present processional writing, you the above said Galileo, on account of those things which have been adduced in the written process, and which you have confessed, as above, that you have rendered yourself liable to the suspicion of heresy by this office, that is, you believed and maintained a false doctrine, and contrary to the holy and divine Scriptures, namely, that the sun is the centre of the orb of the earth, and that it does not move from the east to the west, and that the earth moves, and is not the centre of the world; and that this position may be held and defended as a probable opinion, after it had been declared and defined to be contrary to holy scripture: and consequently that you have incurred all the censures and penalties of the holy canons, and other Constitutions general and particular, enacted and promulgated against such delinquents, from which it is our pleasure to absolve you, on condition that first, with sincere heart and faith unfeigned, you abjure, execrate and detest the above errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolical Roman Church, in our presence, in that formula which is hereby exhibited to you.

But that your grievous and pernicious error and transgression may not remain altogether unpunished, and that you may hereafter be more cautious, serving as an example to others, that they may abstain from the like offences, we decree that the book of the dialogue of Galileo be prohibited by public edict, and we condemn yourself to the prison of this holy office, to a time to be limited by our discretion; and we enjoin, under the title of salutary penance, that, during three years to come, you recite, once a week, the seven penitential psalms, reserving to ourselves the power of moderating, changing or taking away entirely, or in part, the aforesaid penalties and penitences.

And so we say, pronounce, and by our sentence declare, enact, condemn, and reserve, by this and every other better mode of formula, by which of right we can and ought.

So we, the underwritten Cardinals, pronounce:

F. CARDINAL DE ASCULO, G. CARDINAL BENTIVOLUS, F. CARDINAL DE CREMONA, FR. ANTONY CARDINAL S. ONUHRII, B. CARDINAL GYHSIUS, F. CARDINAL VEROSPIUS, M. CARDINAL GINETTUS.

THE ABJURATION OF GALILEO.

I, GALILEO GALILEI, son of the late Vincent Galileo, a Florentine, of the age of seventy, appearing personally in judgment, and being on my knees in the presence of you, most eminent and most reverend lords cardinals of the universal Christian commonwealth, inquisitors general against heretical depravity, having before my eyes the holy gospels, on which I now lay my hands, swear that I have always believed, and now believe and. God helping, that I shall for the future always believe whatever the holy Catholic and Apostolical Roman Church holds, preaches and teaches. But because this holy office had enjoined me by precepts, entirely to relinquish the false dogma, which maintains that the sun is the centre of the world and immoveable, and that the earth is not the center and moves; nor to hold, defend, or teach by any means, or by writing, the aforesaid false doctrine; and, after it had been notified to me, that the aforesaid doctrine is repugnant to the holy scripture, I have written and printed a book, in which I treat of the same doctrine already condemned, and adduce reasons with great efficacy in favour of it, not offering any solution of them, therefore I have been adjudged and vehemently suspected of heresy, namely, that I maintained and believed, that the sun is the centre of the world, and immoveable, and the earth is not the centre, and moves.

Therefore, being willing to take out of the minds of your eminences, and of every Catholic Christian, this vehement suspicion, of right conceived against me, I, with sincere heart and faith unfeigned, abjure, execrate, and detest the abovesaid errors and heresies, and generally every other error and sect contrary to the above said Holy Church; and I swear that I will never anymore hereafter say or assert, by speech or writing, anything through which the like suspicion may be had of me; but, if I shall know any one heretical, or suspected of heresy, I will denounce him to this holy office, or to the inquisitor and ordinary of the place in which I shall be. I moreover swear and promise, that I will fulfil and observe entirely all the penitencies which have been imposed upon me, or which shall be imposed by this holy office. But if it shall happen that I go contrary (which God avert) to any of my words, promises, protestations, and oaths, I subject myself to all the penalties and punishments which, by the holy canons, and other constitutions, general and particular, have been enacted and promulgated against such delinquents. So help me God, and His holy gospels, on which I now lay my hands.

I, the aforesaid Galileo Galilei, have abjured, sworn, promised, and have bound myself as above, and in the fidelity of these with my own hands, and have subscribed to this present writing of my abjurations, which I have recited word by word. At Rome, in the Convent of Minerva, this 22d of June, of the year 1633.

I, Galileo Galilei, have abjured as above with my own hand.

THE DERBY DOCTORS.

Here comes one, serenly unconscious that he is a fool.*

There is one suddenly startled by a suspicion that he knows scarcely anything. . .——There they are! Could they see but this——or he, with eyes like theirs——be stirred with thoughts like theirs——ah, sinking deeper still in reverie—dreamy—delicious! . . still the hum—the dazzle——

Gifted one——Up Laureate! Wake! Ay—it is no dream——but radiant reality—Up Laureate, with thy lyre.—*The Lily and the Bee*, by Samuel Warren, F. R. S. pp. 46–51.

THERE is nothing the world is so apt to underrate as the rewards due to first-rate foolishness. "Any blockhead might have written that," is an expression too often applied to what nothing but a blockhead of the most shining parts and the most unremitting application could possibly have produced. There are blockheads whose follies, like those of Foresight in Congreve's comedy, must have required infinite study, consideration, and caution—caution lest by any chance they should deviate into sense. Johnson had a sound appreciation of such overlooked claims when he described the conversation of old Sheridan. "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him *a great deal of pains* to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature."

So we must be permitted to say of the gentleman whom Lord Derby a few months ago made Recorder of Hull, and whom he proposes next week to make a Doctor of Oxford. It must have taken the Recorder of Hull a great deal of pains to become what we now see him; and why should not industry of this kind, like every other, have its further reward? If Lord Derby is brave enough to set the example, and lucky enough to find Convocation not ashamed to follow it, why should anything but applause to the echo be heard as the red gown of Oxford descends upon the shoulders of Mr. Samuel Warren?

We are happy to present the reader with the very latest public specimen of this gentleman's unrivalled powers. We must premise, by way of explanation, that in Hull a new literary and philosophical society, in which the Recorder took a deep interest, was very lately about to be opened, and of course so distinguished an official was expected to be present; but, as Rousseau absented himself from his mistress that he might think of her and write to her, so on this occasion did the Recorder. In heart, as he tenderly expresses it, he remained at Hull; but in the flesh, he betook himself to the Louvre. He absented himself from the inauguration that he might write to its president the letter which we have now the pleasure to rescue from the obscurity of a provincial journal, to which it appears to have been sent for publication. We print it *literatim*, adding no italics to those of the writer; for what word could be emphasized in it without injustice to every other word it contains?

35 Woburn place, London, 14th May, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR—On the wing of Paris, whence (D. V.) I return next Saturday, I drop you a line to express my hearty wish that the distinguished inauguration of next week may go off splendidly. *In heart I shall be at Hull;* in the flesh, probably in the *Louvre.*

Think, my dear friends of Hull, where your Recorder may be standing, while you are, in your proper places, giving to high literature and philosophy *one more* "local habitation and name" upon this globe of ours. The *animals* cannot do these things; they are born, live, and die, and disappear; but man, created for nobler purposes, and bearing sublimely the image of his Maker—man alone leaves traces behind him of his potent presence and intellectual actions. Fossil remains exhibit to us no trace of *our* species, but myriads of the animals. When will the animals build a literary and philosophical hall? Never—any more than man can make a star. We are totally and awfully different from the animals—specifically different; and that specific difference it is that is at work in placing on the earth such records of man, as will be seen for, I hope, centuries in Hull, and on which you will be engaged—a noble task—next week.

I think you are very fortunate, indeed, in having the presence of two such distinguished noblemen as the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Londesborough.

Believe me ever, my dear Mr. President,
Very sincerely yours,
SAMUEL WARREN.

C. Frost, Esq., F. S. A.

Is not this a masterpiece? Could an "ordinary blockhead" have written this? Have we not in it precisely the excess of what (according to Johnson) "is not in nature," and which therefore may justly be entitled to the privileges of art—of very high art? Viewing the letter, in short, as a study in foolishness, has there been anything to compare with it since the *Lily and the Bee?*

If we descend from this view, however, we must confess ourselves in a difficulty. "The animals cannot do these things," says Mr. Warren, with the pride natural to his achievements—and certainly the animals cannot write as he does; but it is so certain that the inability is the disadvantage? Fossil remains, continues the learned Recorder, exhibit to us no trace of *our* species; but surely an argument derogatory to the animals, based on any such assumption, would be manifestly unfair. Fossil remains are not exclusively of bones, nor always dug out of the earth. We have just printed one of the "remains" which the Recorder of Hull will leave behind him, and will any geologist venture to assert that a more gigantic specimen of the absurd could be produced from before or after the flood? The letter to Mr. Frost is a fossil, if ever there was one.

"When," asks the Recorder, "will the animals build a literary and philosophical hall?" This is a home-thrust; but on the other hand we might ask, when will the animals make the silliest of their species judges over the rest, and when will they invent distinctions to bestow on the least worthy? If they are not sages enough for the one, at least they are not fools enough for the other. They keep in their proper places; and "think, my dear friends of Hull," as Mr. Warren writes, "where your Recorder may be standing, while you are in your proper places," &c.

However, when we contemplate Mr. Warren in or out of his place—located, as the Yankees say, or, as the geoligist would say of any other fossil, *dislocated*—the admission is undoubtly forced upon us that "we *are* totally and awfully different from the animals; specifically different; and that specific difference is it that" produces a Warren. Man may be unable, as the Recorder profoundly observes, to "make a star," but the animals are not more able to make a Warren; and which has the advantage in the incapacities the reader must determine. Successive generations of Hull readers would most assuredly cry out for the animals, if it were possible to suppose that the cruel hope expressed to Mr. Frost should by any awful dispensation be brought about, and "such records" (or recorders) "of man be seen for centuries in Hull" as Lord Derby and Mr. Walpole have lately placed on that part of the earth.

Speculating on the scene to be enacted next week in the theatre at Oxford, the *Times* has imagined "Warren at the lower end writing the last lines of the *Lily and the Bee*." With deference to our contemporary this composed attitude is very far from that in which the newly-invested doctor will present himself. In his own astonishing production he has prefigured the scene. All poets are prophets; and Mr. Warren could not groan with such a conception as the *Lily and the Bee* without foreseeing, not dimly, some of its results and rewards. In the following passage, which we quote exactly as we find it in the volume, it is quite evident that the eye of the future Recorder of Hull and Doctor of Oxford, in a fine phrenzy rolling, had seen by anticipation the exact part he would play at the Derby Celebration in the venerable university. The ancient ghosts are, as we now perceive, the tutelary deities of Oxford; and the "subverted system" which so sorely amazes them is, of course, the system which is making a doctor of Mr. Samuel Warren. The entire passage, formerly very obscure to us, now lucidly explains itself

O, ancient Ghosts!
Sorely amazed Ghosts!
With strangely beaming eyes
Amid subverted systems standing,
O Ghosts, forlorn, and well amazed——
——And yet ye surely are majestic ones,
Living in men's holy memories:
Thales! Pythagoras! Anaxagoras!
Socrates! Plato! Aristotle!
You see me not,
Trembling in my inner soul,
So little and so poor,
You cannot see me——
Or you might despise
Me, and some other Little Ones
Of this our day,
O!——Away ye!——Into the oppressed, oppressing air,
For Littleness, in Greatness' presence trembling,
Is perishing.——
Awful Ghosts, away!

The Lily and the Bee, p, 144—5.

Now no one can say this is not a moving, a harrowing picture; and could the late premier have seen the matter in this light when he gave in the names of his ragged regiment, of his Derby Recorder of Hull, of his Derby Lord of the Treasury, of his Derby Foreign Secretary, of his Derby Colonial Secretary, of his Derby Home Secretary, of his Derby President of the Board of Trade, of his Derby Vice-President of the Board of Trade, of his Derby Postmaster-General, of his Derby Lord Lieutenant, of his Derby Secretary to the Treasury, of his Derby Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and of his Derby idolators in *Blackwood's Magazine*—or, as Mr. Warren pathetically describes the party, of

Me and some other Little Ones—

all of whom are to march with the ex-prime minister, and new chancellor through Oxford, and cover their barrenness with red gowns in presence of the "Awful Ghosts" next Wednesday, he would surely *not* have been so cruel. Speaking for Mr. Warren and the other little ones, we might ask him, in the words of the old song, "If you were an ass would you like it yourself?" At the same time it is only just to Lord Derby to add that, apparently not unaware of the danger, he has not left it altogether uncared for. he brings up the rear of his regiment with Forbes Winslow, a physician famous for his treatment of lunatics; and

Shows by that satiric touch
No party wanted one so much.

We turn in graver mood to a really humiliating consideration connected with this ludicrous affair. It seems hardly creditable that such men as Mr. Macauly, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Sir Roderick Murchison, and we will add, Mr. Disreali, should consent to be dragged in such company through the dirt of such a celebration. *Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur.* Nevertheless it is to be tried. The great essayist and historian, the delightful novelist and poet, the scientific investigator, the versatile orator and writer, are announced to take their places on Wednesday side by side with discredited politicians, fifth-rate factious partizans, inflated adulators of the most contemptible administration on record, and the author of the *Lilly and the Bee!* It is a terrible sacrifice "*pour encourager les autres;*" not in the witty sense, but in very sober seriousness.

Rabelais has told us of the lamentable fate of a celebrated giant, whose fare ordinarily was of the most gigantic sort, yet who was miserably choked by pat of butter swallowed the wrong way, at the mouth of a hot oven. Much wisdom crieth out in this ancient apologue. Oxford is the hot oven; the compliment of a doctorage in the Derby company will be the pat of butter swallowed the wrong way; and if Mr. Macauly, Sir Edward Lytton, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Mr. Disraeli, have yet sense enough to profit by the warning of Rabelais, the unlucky Giant Wide-nostrils will not have been choked in vain.—(*London*) *Examiner.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

PROBABILITY OF WAR IN EUROPE.—The latest intelligence from Europe is that the Eastern difficulty was within a few days of being settled for peace or war. The public generally looked on the state of affairs as less satisfactory.

The present position of the question stands thus: Until the 10th or 12th of August the Czar's final answer to the ultimatum of the four powers—Austria, France, England, and Prussia—cannot be known. If he accepts that ultimatum, his troops must be immediately withdrawn from the principalities, and the conference at Vienna, pursuing its arrangements, will conclude a treaty to protect Turkey in all time coming. If the Czar refuses the ultimatum of the four powers, or evades a reply (which will be considered equivalent to refusing it), the allied fleets will be ordered to the Bosphorus, if not further, and active measures will be taken by France and England to maintain the integrity of their ally. The question, therefore, is on the point of solution for peace or war. The choice rests solely and wholly on the personal will of the Emperor Nicholas. "Until the 10th or 12th of August, therefore," says our Liverpool correspondent, "we must totally disregard all rumors, either favourable or unfavourable. No one but Nicholas himself can know what his intentions are, and the multitude of statements telegraphed from Vienna, Paris, and elsewhere, are for the mere purpose of influencing the markets. At the same time it is right to state that the conduct of the Russian Generals, in the Principalities, would *indicate an intention to maintain permanent possession, and nothing has transpired elsewhere to show that Russia intends to retract.*"

The Journals of Frankfort, of the 30th, say that Austria intends not only to *demand reparation of the United States for the Smyrna affair*, but that the Porte shall immediately procure the extradition of Koszta.

——A REPORT is spread among, and believed by, the Russian soldiery, that the Porte has sold the key of the Holy Sepulchre to the Jews, and that the world will be destroyed unless Russia comes forward in defence of the holy places!

——ACCORDING to the *Echo Agricole*, a French cantonal commissary at Montereau-Faut-Yonne, the other day, exaggerated the "principle of authority" so far as to go into a field, escorted by a *garde champetre* and stop a farmer from cutting his own corn, upon the allegation that it was not ripe enough!

——THE following metaphor, employed by the redoubtable Dr. Cahill in acknowledging an address from a few admirers, is commended to the special notice of all artists, including the pupils of the School of Design: "It is natural you should make a pleasing mistake in painting me, as it is your *heart*, and not your *head*, that *holds the pencil.*"

——IT is proposed by the compulsory Vaccination Bill to enact that the father or mother of every child born in England or Wales after the first of August, 1853, shall, within three months after birth, cause it to be taken to the medical officer of the place and vaccinated, unless the same shall have been previously vaccinated by some qualified medical practitioner. Penalties are to be enforced for non-compliance with the Act.

——THE French and Spaniards have both this proverb, "God gives the cold according to the cloth." It is very beautiful, but it does not attain to the tender beauty of our—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." We (*Clerical Journal*) have met with a proverb enshrined in the line of a Scotch song, which, we think, might fairly be placed by the side of these—

"Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew,"

or—Every blade of grass catches its own drop of dew.

——THE SLAVE-OWNER'S TESTAMENT.—It would be a gainful speculation for an enterprising publisher to get up, for circulation among serious slave-owners, a Family New Testament, with the objectionable passages expurgated; the passages to be expunged as objectionable being those whereby the practices of buying, selling, flogging, and otherwise treating black men and women like beasts, or worse than beasts, is forbidden in the injunction to act towards others as we would have them act toward ourselves.—*Punch*

——THE SLOW MARCH OF THE TEAM.—The stranger in Devonshire will not fail to notice the peculiar intonations employed in driving a team there. It is not the words used to encourage the animals (though they are in a great measure peculiar to the county) that will arrest attention, but the tone or tune in which they are delivered, resembling with great exactness, says an observer, the chantings or recitative of the cathedral service. The plough-boy chants the countertenor with unabated ardour through the day, the ploughman throwing in, at intervals, his hoarser notes. It is understood that this marching chant (which may sometimes be heard at a considerable distance) encourages and animates the team, like the music of a marching army, or the song of the rowers."—*Cook's Musical Miscellany.*

——SELLING A WIFE.—A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* writes: A case of selling a wife actually and *bona fide* happened in the provincial town in which I reside about eighteen years ago. A man publicly sold his wife at the market cross for £15; the buyer carried her away with him some seven miles off, and she lived with him till his death. The seller and the buyer are both now dead, but the woman is alive, and is married to a third (or a second) husband. The legality of the transaction, has, I believe, some chance of being tried, as she now claims some property belonging to her first husband (the seller), her right to which is questioned in consequence of her supposed alienation by sale, and I am informed that a lawyer has been applied to in the case. Of course there can be little doubt as to the result."

——"GOES" OF LIQUOR.—The tavern called the Queen's Head, in Duke's Court, Bow street, was once kept by a facetious individual of the name of Jupp. Two celebrated characters, Annesley Shay, and Bob Todrington, a sporting man (caricatured by old Dighton, and nicknamed by him the "knowing one," from his having converted to his own use a large sum of money entrusted to him by the noted Dick England, who was compelled to flee the country, having shot Mr. Rolls in a duel, which had a fatal termination), met one evening at the above place, went to the bar, and asked for half a quartern each, and a little cold water. In the course of time they drank four-and-twenty, when Shay said to the other. "Now, we'll go." "Oh, no!" replied he, "we'll have another, and then go." This did not satisfy the Hibernians, and they continued drinking on till three in the morning, when they both agreed to go; so that under the idea of going, they made a long stay, and this was the origin of drinking or calling for goes.—*Pulleyn's Etymological Compendium.*

——THE following parody on the popular negro air, "Poor Uncle Ned," is from Buckstone's "Ascent of Mount Parnassus," lately played at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London:

Of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who has not had a sight?
Who of Topsy the name does not know?
If any one could wash a Blackamoor white
It would be Mrs. Beecher Stowe.
It's a very good book, we know,
And has made us our noses to blow;
But they've worked 'im so much I wish poor Uncle Tom
Was gone where all good niggers go.

Wherever you travel, wherever you stop,
Uncle Tom his black poll's sure to show:
With his songs, polkas, waltzes, they fill every shop;
Till, like Topsy, "I 'specs they must grow!"
The stage had enough of Jim Crow,
A jumping and a "doing just so;"
And 'twould be quite a blessing if poor Uncle Tom
Would after that poor nigger go.

—— FESTIVAL TO MISS ELIZA COOK.—The *Leicester Mercury* has an account of a general tea-gathering of the working-classes of that town held to celebrate the name of Eliza Cook, by recitations, &c., from her works. A full-sized portrait of the favourite authoress was placed over the chair, encircled with a wreath of roses, intertwined in a very tasteful manner with various other flowers. In the course of the evening between thirty and forty recitations and *singings*, all from Miss Cook's works, were given by about a dozen working men. "The various performers" says the *Mercury*, "acquitted themselves very pleasingly, and from the study required in 'getting up' the pieces and the interest manifested at the meeting, our Authoress seems to have secured the fame that Dr. Johnson estimated most highly, viz., 'to be thumbed well in the *cottage*.'"

—— A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.—At a recent meeting of the London Medical Society, Mr. Richardson read a paper "On the Anæsthetic Properties of the Common Puff-Ball (*Lycoperdon Proteus*)." His attention was directed to the subject by the fact that in some parts of the country bees are stupified by this agent before extracting the contents of the hive. He was thus induced to try some experiments on cats and dogs, in which he succeeded in producing anæsthetic effects perfectly similar to those obtained by the agency of choloform and ether. In one case a painful operation was performed by Dr. Willis, of Barnes, on a dog, with perfect success. The mode of administering this agent is, to allow the animal to inhale the fumes of the dried fungus whilst in a state of ignition. Mr. Richardson has inhaled the fumes himself, and finds them productive of similar effects with those of chloroform. It is curious, that this fungus which emits these narcotic fumes may be eaten with impunity, and that it is among those which Dr. Badham has recommended, in his recent work, to be eaten as the esculent fungus of Britain. No chemical principle has yet been detected to account for these very curious effects—*London Athenæum.*

—— THE MISSIONARY WILLIAM KNIBB.—At the jubilee of the Sunday-school Union, which took place in London, last week, the Rev. Charles Stovel told the following anecdote of William Knibb: In a village in Northamptonshire there was once a thin stripling of a boy, who sat upon the Sunday-school class seat, and learned there the first lessons of scripture truth. That little boy grew, and left his mother, and become employed at Bristol, and there advanced still further, until at length he volunteered to take the teaching of a school in Jamaica, which his own brother had undertaken, and where his brother had died. That youth was William Knibb. I have in my study three rusty slave-irons, manacles made to be worn as punishment. When Knibb was over here appealing to the British public, he dashed those slave irons before that chair, and thrilled the nation. That Sunday-school boy emancipated the slaves in Jamaica. He appealed to me; his manly form rises before me now, when, nineteen, if not twenty years ago, he stepped on shore here, after the great outbreaks in Jamaica. He stood in my study, and I felt afraid to join with him. He said, "You must help me." But I said, "Stop! you must have broken the laws, or the magistrates would not have gone so far;" and I had to feel the ground with great care. I pursued my inquiries—and, at last, Knibb rose before me like a hero. He said, "Stovel, I would do anything for your help that conscience would allow; but, if I cannot have it, then well; but know this—I can assure you I came not to risk my union with that society"—the Baptist Missionary Society, of which he was then in danger—"but I came to risk my life, I will *die*, but they shall be free." Now if, in fifty years, you should have had only one such fruit of Sabbath-schools, if there had been only one such spirit walking upon this earth, or stamping the age, or leaving the impulse of his passion and judgment behind him, it would be much; but it is only one—this is only a specimen of a class, and of many of the individuals that have risen from its ranks and waked forth where Providence led them.

——A FRENCH RECIPE FOR GETTING A HUSBAND OR A WIFE.—An amusing case was recently tried before one of the correctional courts of Paris, the parties being two booksellers, each of whom charged the other with a violation of his patent rights, in publishing and selling a certain pamplet entitled "Instructions for the use of grown girls who desire to get married." Each thought that he was the sole editor, whereas it turned out that this piece of literature had existed and enjoyed some repute for upwards of a century.

Here are a few of the questions and answers contained in the catechism of Cupid:

Q.—What thing is most necessary to grown girls?
A.—Marriage,
Q.—At what age should girls get married?
A.—That depends upon their beauty.
Q.—At what age should the handsomest get married?
A.—Commonly at sixteen or eighteen.
Q.—Why at that age?
A.—Lest anything might occur which should reflect on their honor.
Q.—But those not handsome, when should they marry?
A.—As soon as the boys ask them, so as not to lose the opportunity.

The following prayer is also prescribed to youg girls desiring young husbands:

"O Lord, who hast formed Adam of the earth, and who gave to him Eve for his companion, send me, if you please, a good husband for my companion, for thy honour, and that we may have children to bless thee."

If a young girl is very anxious to hasten the event, she has to recite every day the following prayer:

Kyrie—I would wish
Christ—to be married;
Kyrie—I beg all the saints
Christ—that it may be tomorrow.
Saint Marie—every one is getting married;
Saint Joseph—let it be soon;
Saint Nicholas—don't forget me;
Saint Mederie—let me have a good husband;
Saint Bartholomew—let him be handsome;
Saint John—let him love me tenderly;
Saint Spire—let him be inclined to laughing;
Saint Andrew—let him be to my taste;
Saint Severin—let him not be addicted to wine;
Saint Nicaise—let me be at my ease—
Saint Augusta—from to-morrow.

For the use of boys desiring to find a wife, the following are some of the terms of the litany:

Saint Marie—every one is getting married;
Saint Joseph—let my marriage take place;
Saint Christine—let my wife not be mutinous;
Saint Reine—let her not be worldly;
Saint Gregory—let her not be given to glory;
Saint Perpetue—let her not beat me;
Saint Matthew—all for the glory of God.